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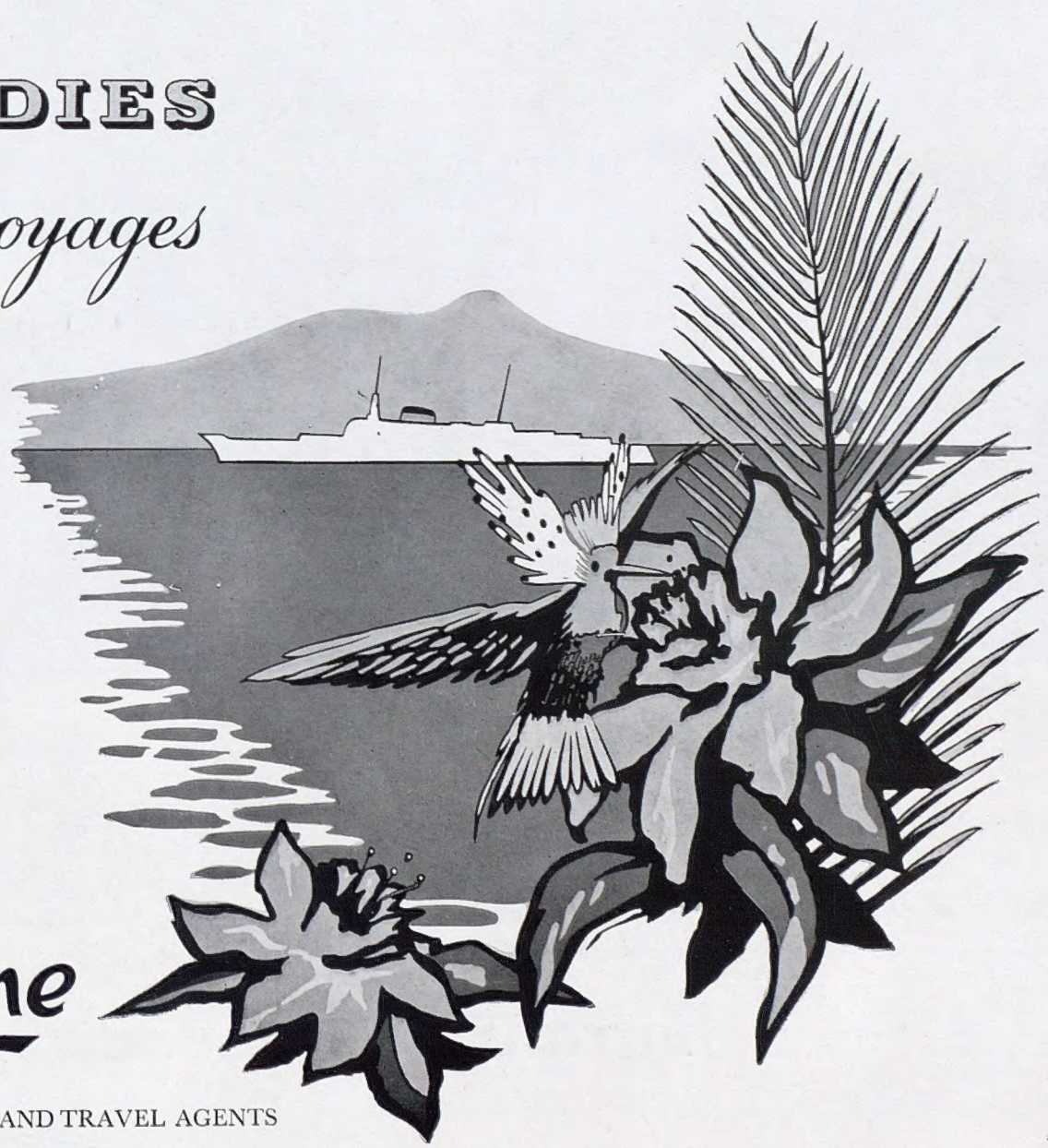

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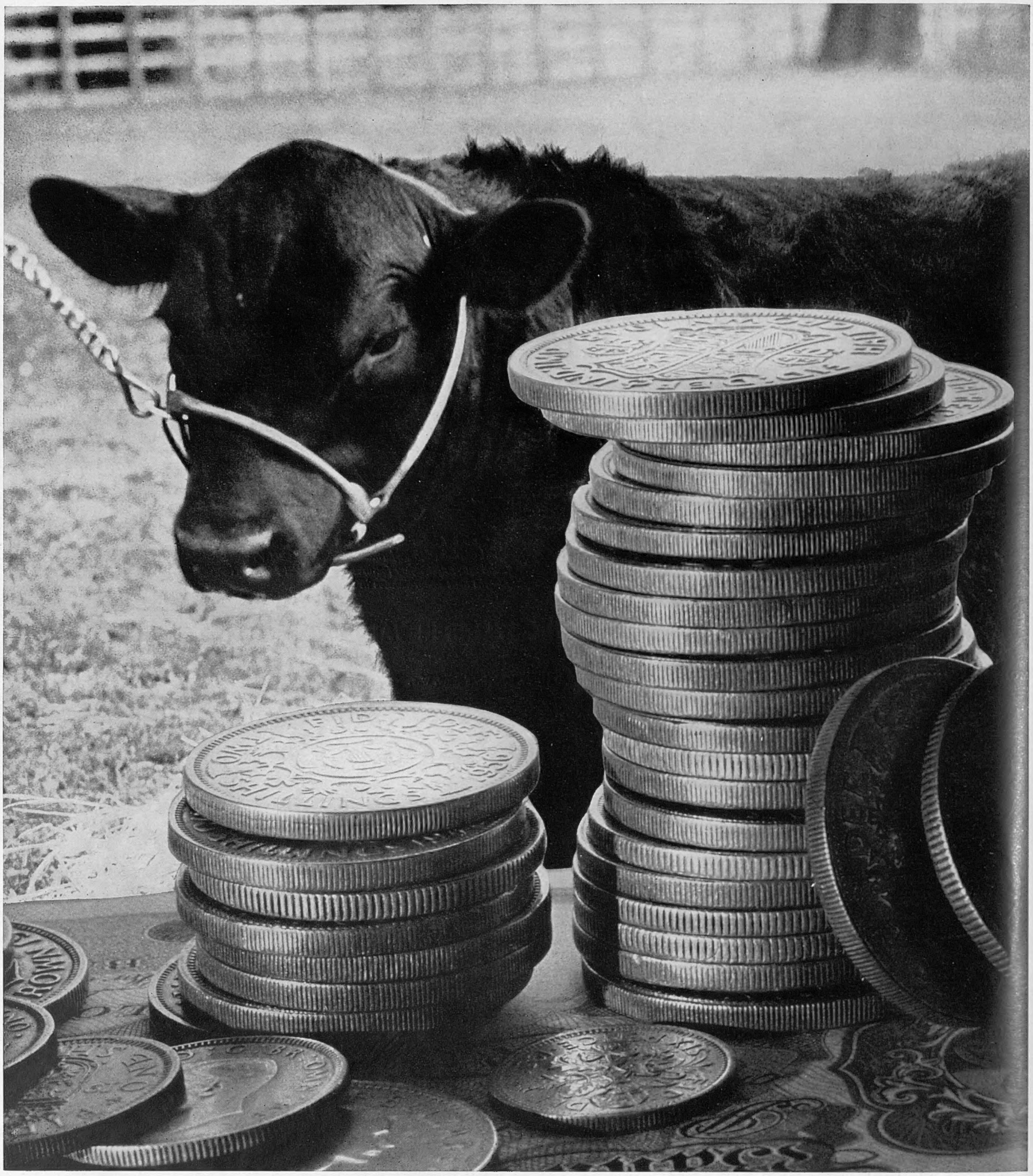

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Volume CCXXX No. 2994

The SPHERE, London, August 17, 1957

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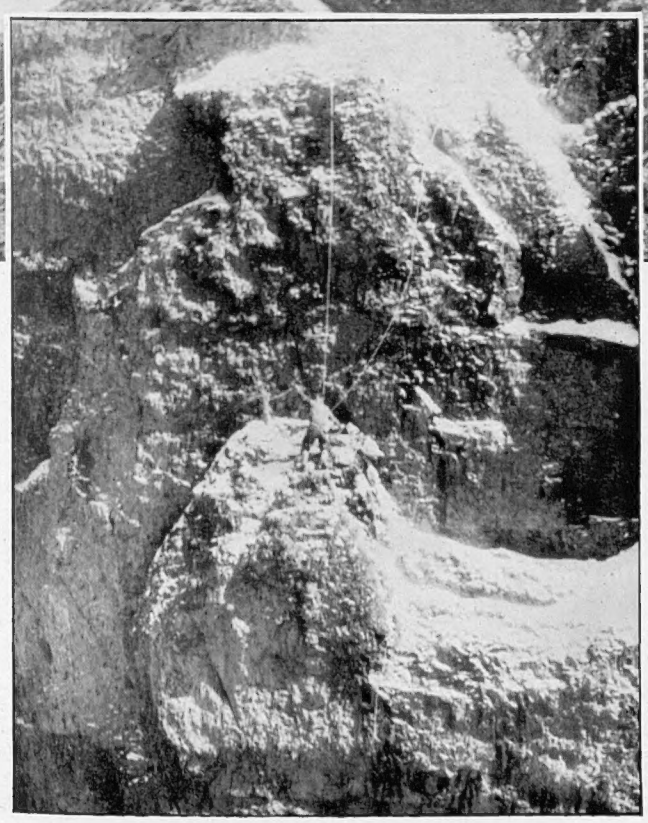

THE RESCUE DRAMA ON THE EIGER—SIX NATIONS COMBINE IN HEROIC EFFORTS TO REACH FOUR STRANDED CLIMBERS : *Above*—Members of the rescue team work their way through snow and ice near the 13,000-ft. summit of the Alpine peak. When this picture was taken the four marooned climbers had been on the north face of the mountain for eight days. Shortly afterwards the rescuers succeeded in bringing down one of them. *On left*—Another of the stranded climbers, who has been roped to the rock face, waves to an aircraft. But two days later he was reported to be dead.

For over two days a force of sixty guides and mountaineers drawn from six nations braved every danger before they met with any success in their epic attempts to rescue a party of four climbers stranded high up on the 13,000-ft. Eiger, in the Swiss Alps. The marooned men were two Italians and two Germans, and all last week they were stuck on the notoriously grim North Wall. Time and again blizzard and gale drove back the rescuers. Then last Sunday Alfred Hellparth, a crack German guide from Munich, carried out a most hazardous operation, to bring out alive one of the stranded Italians, Claudio Corti. Hellparth was lowered on a steel cable from a winch nearly 1,000 ft. down the face to the ledge where Corti was sheltering. From above Swiss and Italian guides gave detailed direction by radio to Hellparth. Strapping Corti to his back with a device known as Hellparth's lift, the German began the slow and perilous return haul. Both collapsed when they reached the safety of the winch. The blizzard then returned and postponed the attempt by the French climber, Lionel Terray, to reach the second Italian, Stefano Longhi, who was further along the face. On Monday afternoon air reconnaissance signalled the opinion that he was dead. According to reports from Corti, the two Germans had left him in the hope of making their way from the ledge. The rescue party feared that they might have fallen to their death. The North Wall of the Eiger is one of the most dangerous in the Alps. At one time the Berne Government banned attempts to conquer it. (Further pictures of the rescue operations, page 222.)

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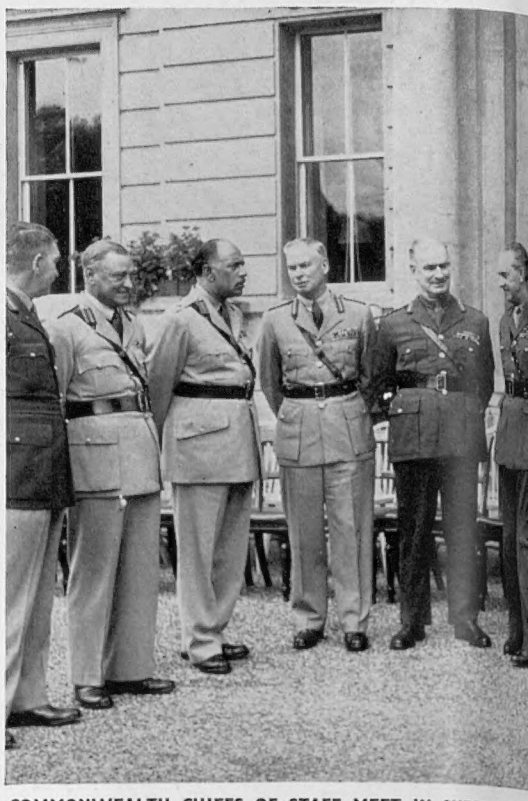
A NEAR DISASTER AT IPSWICH: On the left of the picture is the crater made in soft earth by an R.A.F. Hawker Hunter jet aircraft which crashed on a building site in the Suffolk town. Although surrounding houses were damaged no one was injured. The pilot baled out and landed at Belstead, three miles south-west of the town.



COMMONWEALTH CHIEFS OF STAFF MEET IN SURREY: Out P. H. Grobbelaar, Army Chief of Staff, Union Def Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland; Gen General H. D. Graham, C.G.S., Canada; Major-Gene C. E. Weir, C.G.S., New Zealand; Field-Marshal Sir Ger Templer, C.I.G.S., Brigadier A. M. Muttukumaru, Ar Commander, Ceylon; Brigadier N. L. Currie, Ar Representative, Australian Joint Services Staff, Lond Major-General L. P. Sen, M.G.O., Indian Army; Maj General A. G. V. Paley (partly hidden), Gene Officer Commanding, Ghana Military Forces; Gene Mohammad Ayub Khan, Commander-in-Chief, Pa stan, and Major-General Altaif Qadir, of Pakist

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Merry as a Grigg?—I am sure Lord Altrincham spoke the truth when he said on television that he was very sorry about some of his remarks on the Royal Family. He is old enough to know that rudeness can never strengthen criticism; but let us not regard him as an isolated instance of impertinence to the Royal House. For those who wish to increase circulation, there has long been no "stunt" so rewarding as rumour, gossip, intimacies and politely veiled criticism of the Court. And sometimes the stunt is employed in revenge for some imagined wrong of a social kind. Can we say that the readers of the sensational Press resent the employment of such a stunt? We cannot. They swallow it all and ask for more, always provided the criticism is wrapped up in the conventional smarminess of veneration for the person of the sovereign and the Royal House, as usually it is. It is odd then that Lord Altrincham—having regard to his ancestry and background—should, in saying his piece, have scrapped the conventional wrappings. I know nothing about his early years and cannot guess what reactions have made him so unexpected a son of his parents. Calm judgment clearly admits (if you read between the lines of reports and comments) that the Queen's advisers in recent years, and even before she came to the throne, put into her mouth for public utterance hard and stilted sentiments for a young and natural Princess and Queen to express, and for my part, I would much rather hear her speak to her people in her own way and words, taking a note from her grandfather's habit of refusing to speak words and sentiments which "everybody knows I never use." Nor is it unreasonable to express the view that there is still a good deal that could be done so to streamline and prune protocol and ceremonial as to conform more nearly to modern democratic thought and an ever evolving Commonwealth. The wonder remains that, from whatever motive, Sir Edward Grigg's son wrote his piece as he did.

Influx of Immigrants.—At the dawn of this century, our population was rising above 30,000,000. American observers remarked favourably on its homogeneity. We had in our midst a mere 250,000 foreigners, mostly Russians and Poles. Of the "workers" in our population, 8,000,000 were in industry, 7,000,000 in agriculture, 2,000,000 in commerce, 2,000,000 in domestic service; professional classes claimed 1,000,000. The "unoccupied" numbered vaguely 11,000,000. 77 per cent. of the population was urban. There were about 850,000 "paupers." It is interesting to compare the ratio changes in various occupations then and now, when our population is 50,000,000. Under "full employment," we can find work, if we will, for all immigrants of whatever colour, from the Commonwealth or foreign lands, and I fancy statistics would prove that the rise in immigrants *vis-à-vis* the huge rise in population does not affect our claim, established in 1900, to be still remarkably homogeneous as a nation. British subjects of whatever colour have no bar to entry. Any such subject is free to settle here. Probably at the moment there are no more from the Indies (broadly) and the West Indies and West Africa than all the "foreigners" of 1900, probably fewer. On the other hand, since 1945, we have absorbed more than 500,000 Europeans, mostly war-displaced people from the Eastern European states, and there is still work for all of them if prejudice does not stand in the way. Immigration, then, at the present rate and scale does not for years threaten native employment, and appears on that count to call for no Government check. But in 1900 we were envied for our homogeneity on other grounds. A homogeneous nation is easier governed and more likely to be law abiding. Bear in mind that the children and grandchildren of immigrants have not necessarily acquired all the placid, law-abiding characteristics of their adopted land, and for my part I feel more inclined to consider the problem of immigration from the viewpoint of the Home Secretary than from that of the Minister of Labour.

To Preserve Prestige.—There are certain arguments in favour of "perfecting" the nuclear "deterrent" which I have always found revolting. For instance, Mr. Eisenhower's argument that a "clean" bomb—the elimination of fall-out dangers—would remove any "unpleasant" associations with the bomb as a deterrent. The "clean" bomb would still remain a massive instrument of mass murder and would still require a new definition of cleanliness. For a second instance, I cite an argument which shocked me in last year's Defence White Paper which quite baldly stated that "our standing as a world power" required that we should remain an active member of the exclusive H-bomb or suicide Club. Admittedly, we could not contribute very much, but our national prestige, rather than our military needs, demanded as big a contribution as we could make if we were to remain an influential world power. That dreadful admission was not repeated in this year's White Paper, but Mr. Sandys has not by any means abandoned the sorry argument and justification. And what does our "national prestige" mean in this context? No more and no less than that we must not sink so low as to march at the tail of America's chariot (or, put another way, that we must so march). I still hope that in the days immediately ahead, we may find another way of avoiding that humiliation—namely that we should dare to strike out a line of our own and settle at last a defence policy which fits our resources and our responsibilities and is a little more in accord with morality and the known longings of 99 per cent. of the human race. Time was when the surest and most obvious way to prestige and influence among men and nations was to declare boldly for that which is of good report and after declaration, to practise it, come what might. But that presumably is one more of the "old-fashioned" notions. British governments have forgotten how to say NO to anybody or anything. They "preserve their prestige" as yes-men.

Mr. Dulles Took a Hand.—Mr. Dulles flew over to speed up the traffic jam in the Disarmament Sub-Committee. As a result the Western Powers put forward a modified "Open Skies" inspection plan, with alternatives; a plan which, if it came to nothing, at least put the Russians on the defensive and "in the wrong" in Western world opinion. It is a big and revolutionary proposal and can be called "clever." For if it ever came to agreement, it would remove the heavy handicap which prevents all democratic countries from meeting dictator states on equal terms. In democracies, nothing is hid. There is always a "chiel amang them" taking notes of things done amiss—and publishing them. In dictator states, no chiel survive to take notes and nothing is published which does not suit the dictators. The Russians are unlikely to sacrifice their trump card of secrecy for a chance of ear information which chiels on the other side will give them without trouble or reward. Disarmament in its first stage is one thing, the H-bomb is another. The Russian trump card—secrecy assured—bedevils the hope of either form of madness being abated. For the Russians would sacrifice their trump for disarmament and the Western Powers won't sacrifice their deterrent—H-bomb equality which is their only hope of averting the surprise advantage which might bring on the final war. And so it goes on... And as the sands run down the bottleneck, 99 per cent. of the human race grows convinced that this madness is civilisation's fate until total war or total bankruptcy reduces civilisation to primeval barbarism and all must be built up again from the cave-man era.

Documents on German Foreign Policy.—Most of us who have skimmed the cream of the "releases" from the tons of captured German documents have read them for recreation. We find them very funny. The terror and the awe inspired by the dictators of 1939 have shrunk into right proportion and we wonder why our own Ministers and Ambassadors were so hoodwinked and deceived. Even Mussolini inspired in one of our Ambassadors the judgment: "The greatest man that ever I had speech with." Long ago both the chief gas-bags were punctured. And as for Ribbentrop, his vanity and know-technique even then deceived no one but Hitler and his gang. If justification is to be found for suppressing or footnoting the lies and rumours on which German foreign policy was based, I should find it in the risk that the Cabinets and Embassies of all the Great Powers might be tarred with the same brush and appear sometimes in as childish and ingenuous a light as Ribbentrop and Co. Naturally, these documents—the fruits of secret agents' probes and guesses, the wishful thinkings of dictator's minions determined to supply the dishes he preferred, the cream of the rumours in European capitals, the yeses

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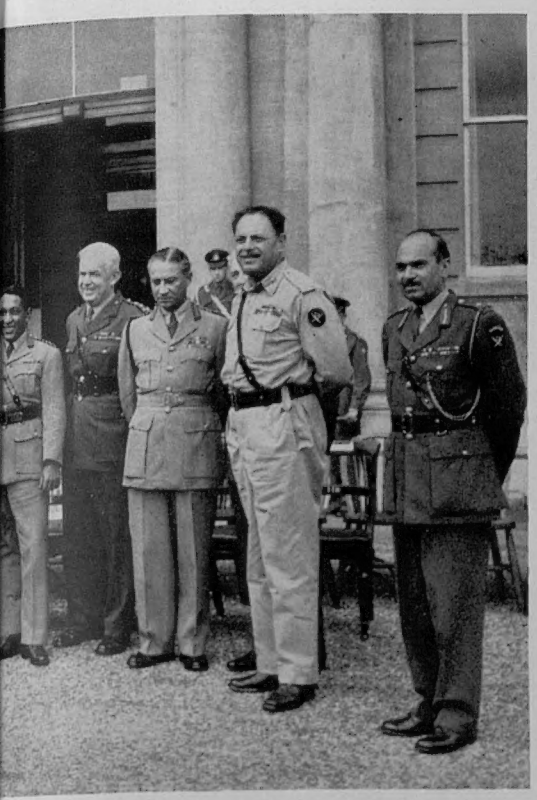


Staff College at Camberley are, from left—Major-General ces, South Africa; Major-General S. Garlake, C.G.S., S. Thimayya, Chief of the Army Staff, India; Lieut.-

AN ANNUAL THREE-DAY CONFERENCE: The Commonwealth's high-ranking officers at Camberley. Towards the centre of the front row, on each side of Sir Gerald Templer, are Mr. John Hare (left), Britain's War Minister, and Mr. Julian Amery, Under-Secretary of State for War. The Conference was given the code name of "Forecast."

he yes-men—were bound to libel leading figures and ttribute to them motives they never held, remarks they ever made, and actions they never contemplated. The Duke of Windsor, sore and worn out after the Abdication risis, was an obvious fish for German anglers. No one in Britain has ever believed or can ever believe that he would ave played a hand against his brother or would have oyed with the idea of a restoration on any conditions. The terror of Hitler has faded away, the Bedlam, the ombast, the lies and the bestiality of his meteoric blazing f the skies remain fresh in memory; and still, it seems to me, it is an honour to be misrepresented by his minions, for that very misrepresentation helped to win the war by blindfolding Hitler to the crater edge. The documents are best produced as a bald and convincing proof that the great bogey was stuffed with straw.

"Son et Lumière."—Given another fine summer, *Son et lumière* is an importation from France which will ring a bell all over Britain. We had the idea, of course. We have revelled in Edinburgh Castle illumined, for years, and seen what light can do for a score of country houses of fame and merit. We have had our pageants for decades. But the marriage of light and voice in the magic setting of old buildings with historic memories to clutch the heart, is new. How old Creevey would have revelled in the Greenwich experiment during his all too brief residence as a commissioner when "Kiss-me" Hardy was governor. For he was more than a gossip and bitter politician. He loved beauty and doted on history. For me the loveliest things in life are summer nights and floodlit buildings and the human voice perfected speaking great lines, and music by masters designed for open-air occasions, while a pageant of social life over the centuries is unfolded in continuity. The pale moonlight on Melrose Abbey pales beside modern floodlighting. The most beautiful voice I can recall (Arthur Wontner, speaking Buckingham's dying speech on the stage) will be more lovely under the stars. I should like to end my days making summer progresses to enjoy *Son et lumière* all over the country, from Berkeley Castle in the west to Petworth, from Windsor to Warwick and Kenilworth, from Rockingham to Glamis and Glamis to Cawdor. It is all too easy to make history and social history vulgar. Only the best materials can make it live with dignity and beauty and pathos and integrity. But, for perfection, the history unfolded should not antedate the backcloth. The old building selected as the setting should be contemporary with the first scene played.

Accepting the Inevitable.—Traffic authorities did something to ease the Bank Holiday rush to the sea. The public did more. Many of them accepted the inevitable and gave a miss to the sea they love. When, a week or two back, I described the misery and frustration of a week-end crawl to the Sussex seafront, which cost hundreds of motoring families the best hours of a fine day in a road queue, only to end in complete disappointment, I little thought that so many would learn the bitter lesson that very day. The roads and the sea itself are not broad enough to contain them, and they must learn to do without. And they did. They picnicked on commons by the roadside inland. They have not yet learned the art of choosing a favourable site. But that will come with practice. Some must give way that others may enjoy the sea, and the wise shrugged their shoulders and gave a lead. It is a very interesting and important matter, this sudden acceptance of a bitter truth that the roads and seashore of Britain won't hold the holiday population, that 50,000,000 "won't go" into our small island. It is a lesson which might and may well be applied to many other burning problems of our day from inflation to recreation. The wiser minority might suddenly decide not to follow the crowd but to give up over-spending and to save, and thus begin to achieve what Governments despair of doing. And their initial success and example might even encourage whole nations to give up "following the crowd" and, in a mad world, to gain the courage to be true to themselves and to civilisation and Christianity.

Under Arundel Rules.—The highlights of my cricket season were enjoyed at Arundel this summer on that enchanting castle ground. It has been so for two or three years. There one can watch the champions of Test cricket and the county stars relaxing in the true spirit of the original game; that is, all out to win but not afraid of being beaten, as the Duke of Norfolk put it. There they are, the stars of the Test Matches and the men at the top of the averages amusing themselves and the crowd. The names are the same as those we watch at Lord's, Trent Bridge, Headingley, and so on, but the owners of the names are unrecognisable in their methods. The fear of losing, the dread of dropping down in the "averages," the terror inspired by running commentary on every stroke played and every ball bowled, are eliminated; and the result is cricket as played of old in country houses, as played still on village greens, but with masters of the arts replacing the local worthies. The "scoring rate" is stepped up from 2.5 to 6.5 with four fours and a six in a single over, and the old game comes alive even if the stretcher men are busy among the crowd. What a pity we can't have first-class cricket under Arundel rules or transfer all Test Matches to the castle grounds. But if we could, it wouldn't work. The commentators, the photographers, the statisticians and the record-wizards would camp-follow the teams and bring with them those fears and anxieties which transform the players into robots or terrified rabbits and turn the jolly game into an international crisis (of which we have all too many). We must be thankful that the spirit is still preserved and can be tasted in a corner of west Sussex.

THE OLD STAGER

THE SITE OF THE CITY OF LONDON'S OWN THEATRE: At the bombed site on the corner of Upper Thames Street and Puddle Dock, near Blackfriars, will rise the Mermaid Theatre. It is to be built by Bernard Miles, who has rented the site at a peppercorn rent from the City Corporation. The columns of the old warehouse, which formerly stood on the site, are to be used to support the porch of the theatre. The theatre itself will be a prefabricated building and there are to be 650 seats. It is hoped that construction work will begin this autumn.

BATTLE AGAINST THE EIGER

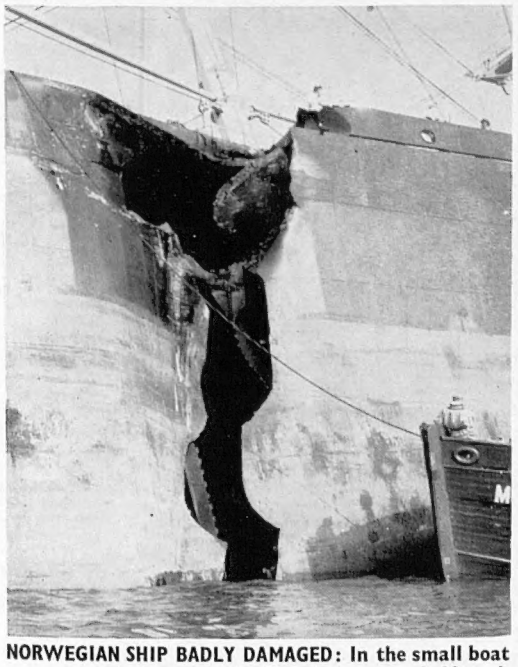
The Rescue by an International Team of Mountaineers of One of the Four Marooned Climbers

STRANDED ON THE NOTORIOUS NORTH WALL OF THE EIGER: The arrow points to the ledge below the 13,000-ft. summit of the mountain on which the party of four climbers was marooned throughout most of last week. On Sunday an international rescue team succeeded in saving one of the men.

A PRECARIOUS FOOTHOLD: Three of the stranded climbers wave from the ledge to a reconnaissance aircraft. Last week-end only one of the party of four, Corti, remained on this precarious shelter. He was rescued on Sunday afternoon. Of the other three, Longhi, another Italian, was on a ledge farther along the mountain face and the attempt to reach him was beaten back by the weather. By Monday night it seemed certain he was dead. There was no sign on the North Wall of the two Germans and there were grave fears that they too no longer survived.

SAFE AT LAST AFTER ONE OF THE MOST PERILOUS ASCENTS EVER WITNESSED: The Italian Corti is hauled safely over the top of the Eiger Wall. *On left*—He is seen, second from left, standing behind his rescuer Alfred Hellparth. This German guide had been lowered on a steel cable 1,000 ft. to the ledge below and in a most courageous and hazardous operation had carried up the Italian. While the fate of his companions was still in the balance, ten deaths were reported on other Alpine mountains.

WRECKAGE AFTER A HEAD-ON RAILWAY COLLISION: An overturned engine and tender block the railway line after a head-on collision with an eight-coach electric train just outside Staines. Nine people were taken to Ashford Hospital, Middlesex, and five were detained, although not seriously injured. The electric train was going from Windsor to Waterloo and was about 200 yards from Staines Station, under the Knole Green Railway Bridge, when the crash occurred. The front of the first coach of the electric train was smashed and part of the roof was ripped away. The 50-ton locomotive was derailed and up and down traffic was stopped until it was removed. Employees from a nearby wheelwright's factory helped in the rescue work from the wrecked train. They had to scale a high wire-mesh fence topped with barbed-wire to reach the scene of the accident. The driver of the steam-engine suffered a fractured leg and his fireman received facial and leg injuries. The motorman of the electric train suffered injuries to his head and hands. Five ambulances and four units of the Middlesex Fire Brigade were on the spot shortly after the accident occurred.



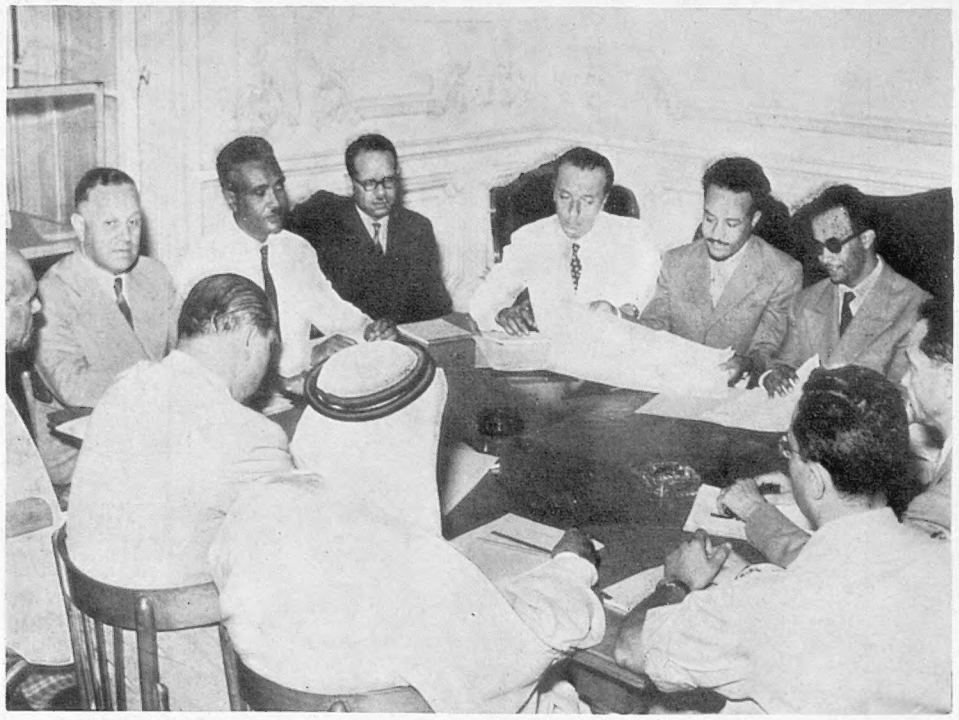
NORWEGIAN SHIP BADLY DAMAGED: In the small boat moored alongside the Norwegian vessel, *Hassel*, at Dover, divers prepare to examine her hull. *Hassel* was in collision with the French vessel, *Fort Duquesne*, at night-time in thick fog.

AIRLINER MAKES A FORCED LANDING: A fireman and a police officer examine the slightly damaged outer port propeller of a B.O.A.C. Constellation which made a belly landing at London Airport on Sunday evening because of a defective undercarriage. The aircraft, carrying seventeen passengers, circled the airport for an hour before the pilot landed the plane on one wheel and there was no fire.

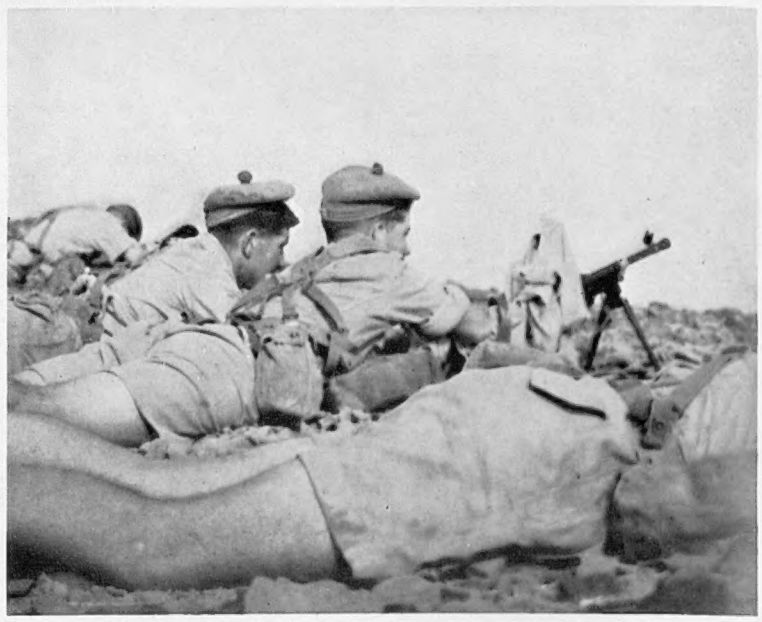
Land, Sea and Air Crashes

No Serious Injuries in Three Recent Incidents

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

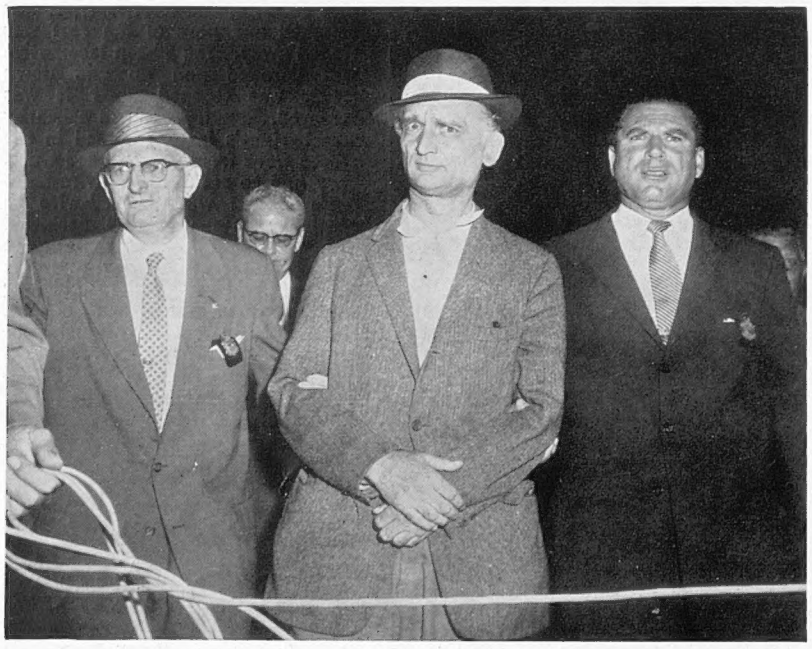


PREPARING A COMPLAINT TO THE SECURITY COUNCIL: Members of the Political Committee of the Arab League meet in Cairo. Extreme left, looking towards the camera, is General Abdel Khalek, the League's Secretary-General. Others are representatives of the nine member-states of the League. All are understood to have expressed their readiness to raise the Oman question at the Security Council and at the beginning of this week preparations were going ahead for the matter to be put on the agenda. The Committee had been receiving reports from Mohamed el Harithy, Director of the Oman Imamate office in the Egyptian capital and spokesman for the leader of the Omani dissidents. He claimed, among other points, that "heavy casualties" had been inflicted on the British at Fahud, near Nizwa, and that "woman, children and old people had been killed or wounded" by British aircraft at Al Ridda.

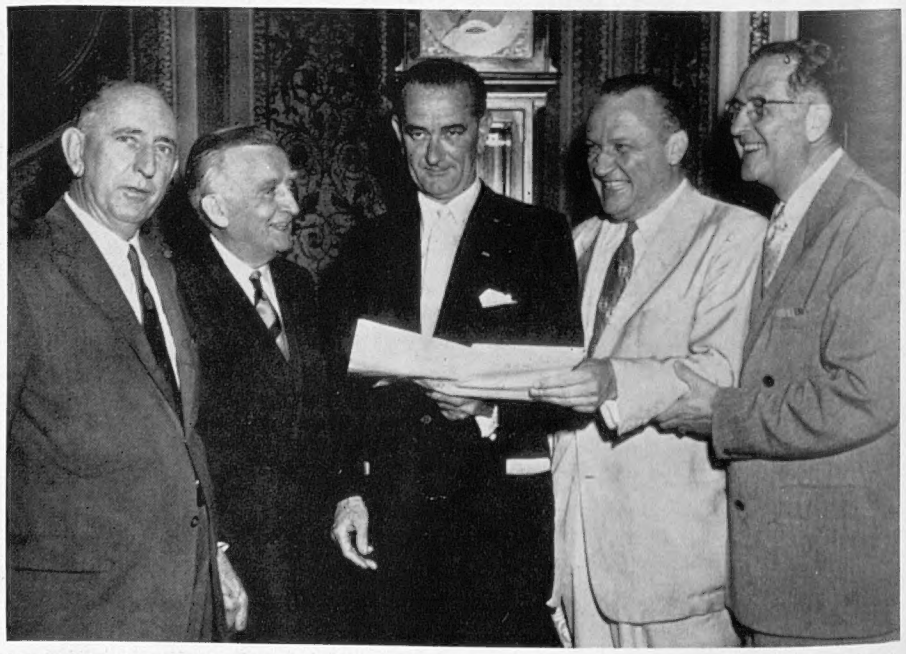


DURING THE ADVANCE ON NIZWA: Cameronians man a machine-gun on a ridge during the operations in Oman against the dissident Imam, Ghaleb bin Ali. Last Sunday his headquarter's fort at Nizwa fell without a shot to forces of the British and the Sultan. More Oman pictures on pp. 238-39.

On right—
PREPARATIONS FOR ACTION IN OMAN: A convoy of the Sultan's native troops moves off for the assault on Nizwa, the Imam's stronghold. The capitulation of the fortress without resistance came as a surprise. It was reported that the Imami rebels had withdrawn to the hills when threatened with an operation in which British infantry, armoured cars and aircraft were to participate.



THE ALLEGED HEAD OF A RUSSIAN SPY RING IN THE U.S.: Rudolph Ivanovitch Abel (centre) stands with two U.S. marshalls at Newark airport, New Jersey, after his arrest on charges of espionage. It is alleged that Abel, ostensibly an artist with a photographic studio in Brooklyn, is the head of the Soviet spy service in America. He is said to be a colonel in the Russian Intelligence Organisation. If this is correct he is the highest-ranking Russian officer ever arrested for espionage in the United States. The death penalty can be awarded for spying.



AMERICAN SENATORS PASS A CIVIL RIGHTS BILL: Senators Russell, O'Mahoney, Johnson, Knowland and Anderson, pose together in Washington at the passing of the Civil Rights Bill, the first of this nature since about 1875. The last four all voted for the emasculated Bill but Senator Russell, Democrat from Georgia, led the opposition. Initially the Bill was designed to make it easier for Negroes in the Southern States to vote—a constitutional right often denied to them. As passed by the Senate, the Bill is a compromise which may satisfy neither the President nor the House of Representatives. Both wish for more liberal measures in the South.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TANKERS LAID UP IN THE WEST COUNTRY: At this anchorage in the River Fal at Falmouth, in Cornwall, are six of the nine tankers which have been laid up by the British Petroleum Tanker Company. The ships have had difficulty in unloading their cargoes of furnace oil as storage space is lacking, partly because of stockpiling before the Suez incident. These tankers, which are between 9,000 and 12,000 tons, can be brought back into service at short notice. The ship nearest to the camera is the 12,000-ton tanker *British Ranger*. The announcement that the ships would be laid up was made shortly after the B.P. Tanker Company had made known its plans to build giant tankers.

AWAITING FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS IN CORNWALL: The nine tankers of the B.P. Tanker Company are to remain at their anchorage in the River Fal until they are required to unload their cargoes of furnace oil. These instructions may come at any time.

WEDDING AT GIBRALTAR: Margaret Leighton and Laurence Harvey are cutting their wedding cake at Gibraltar's Rock Hotel following their wedding ceremony on board a shipping tender. On the left is William Fairchild, who was the best man. He is directing the film *The Silent Enemy*, in which Laurence Harvey is playing.

FINED FOR SLAPPING A PEER: Mr. P. Burbidge (on left) leaves Bow Street magistrates court after being fined £1 for slapping Lord Altrincham's face. The incident occurred after the latter had been interviewed on television following his criticisms of the Queen.

A TORY PEER CRITICISES THE QUEEN: Lord Altrincham is seen at his home in London. The thirty-three-year-old peer caused a sensation recently by his article criticising the Queen and the Court in the *National and English Review*, of which he is the Editor.

AN AIRSHIP CRASHES AFTER ATOMIC EXPLOSION: The tail section of a United States Navy airship hits the ground after it had collapsed in the air. It had come into contact with shock waves from a nuclear atomic test. The " mushroom " cloud from the test can be seen rising in the background. The airship, which was unmanned, was in temporary free flight more than five miles from the test site. It was being used in an experiment to discover the military effects of the blast and heat caused by the atomic explosion. U.S. Navy officials near the testing point were uninjured.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

A KING TURNED MONK: Prince Norodom Sihanouk, the former King of Cambodia, lights incense sticks at the Buddhist monastery at Siemreap in the land over which he was supreme ruler until two years ago. To-day he lives in a religious community which is dedicated to seeking salvation through the ascetic rules laid down by Gotama. Sihanouk abdicated in favour of his father, King Suramit, in March 1955.

MR. ADLAI STEVENSON WITH DR. SCHWEITZER: This picture, which has recently reached London, shows the defeated candidate of the American Democratic Party for the Presidency with the world-famous head of the mission hospital at Lambarene, in French Equatorial Africa, towards the end of last June. Mr. Stevenson visited Dr. Schweitzer during his three-month tour of Europe and Africa, which finished last week. During his journeys he was twice in London.

HEADS OF STATE OF NORTH VIETNAM AND YUGOSLAVIA: Ho Chi-minh, the President of North Vietnam, talks with Marshal Tito in Belgrade. The visitor from Vietnam had previously been in Prague and in Moscow during his tour of Central Europe. Marshal Tito had just returned to his capital after his meeting with Mr. Khrushchev in Rumania. Although the communiqué issued after the Tito-Khrushchev meeting referred to the development of relations between the U.S.S.R. and Yugoslavia on the basis of equality, there seems to be little substance for the view that the rival Communisms of Moscow and Belgrade are coming closer together.

THE VISIT OF THE RULER OF SAUDI ARABIA TO ETHIOPIA: The Emperor of Ethiopia (right) and his Royal guest King Saud of Saudi Arabia stand in a marquee specially erected at the airport of Addis Ababa for the arrival of King Saud. The King and the Emperor reached an agreement for further economic and commercial collaboration and the establishment of diplomatic relations at an ambassadorial level. According to the Ethiopian Foreign Office, the Emperor accepted an invitation to visit Saudi Arabia.

THE PAKISTAN PREMIER WITH THE KING OF JORDAN: The Prime Minister of Pakistan, Hussein Shahid Suhrawardy (on left), is in conversation with King Hussein of Jordan in the latter's private study in the Palace at Jordan. He was visiting Jordan at the invitation of King Hussein. At a Press Conference the day after his arrival, he said he had been reported as saying that somebody should mediate between the Arabs and Israel. He told the conference: "Pakistan does not recognise Israel, so the question of mediation by Pakistan does not arise." He added that Pakistan had always supported Arab demands and always been on the side of the Arabs in the Pakistan dispute.

A PRIME MINISTER AND A JUDGE: Mr. Ben-Gurion, Prime Minister of Israel, chats with Judge Samuel Leibowitz, of Brooklyn, New York, and Mrs. Leibowitz, in his garden in Jerusalem. Judge Leibowitz had arrived to spend three weeks studying conditions in Israel. The Israeli Prime Minister has recently been considering problems raised by the withdrawal of the Shell and British Petroleum Companies from Israel. Apart from financial considerations, the Israelis fear that the oil companies may have been influenced by Arab threats of boycotts and consider that this action may affect other foreign companies acting in Israel.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE COMMEMORATION IS PERMITTED FOR THE FIRST TIME OF THE 1944 RISING IN WARSAW: General Duszynski takes part in a service of remembrance at the tomb of the Unknown Warrior in the Polish capital. In the background is a section of the dense crowd which gathered for the Commemoration of the rising of the people of Warsaw against the Germans in August, 1944. It was the first time that the Polish Communist authorities had allowed this immortal battle to be publicly remembered. The reason for this prohibition until now must presumably be sought in Polish politics. The leader of the revolt was General Bor Komorowski, Commander-in-Chief of the Polish home army in Warsaw, who derived his authority from the exiled Polish Government in London. He assumed that the Russian Army, under Rokossovsky, which was approaching Warsaw, would break through and come to his aid. However, the German Army held up the Russians and Bor and his people were left to fight alone for two months before they finally surrendered. The Russian failure to relieve Warsaw is generally held to have been deliberate.

A NIGERIAN GREETS MR. KHRUSHCHEV IN EAST BERLIN: Mr. Mashoud Ajala hands a letter to the Secretary-General of the Soviet Communist Party during the official welcome by East Germany to the Russian delegation. The Nigerian, who is understood to be riding round the world on a motor scooter, apparently wished to thank Mr. Khrushchev for being granted a visa for the Soviet Union. There were two far more important aspects of the occasion. One was the absence of Mr. Khrushchev's usual fellow traveller, Premier Bulganin. The other was the long speech in which Mr. Khrushchev referred to the general election in West Germany next month.

A RAILWAY ACCIDENT NEAR MADRID WITH MANY FATALITIES: The wreckage of overturned coaches is strewn on railway lines by a derailed engine at Villaverde, near Madrid. A Spanish troop train had collided with a shunting engine. Seventeen soldiers were killed and sixty-four were injured. The train was taking 800 troops back to the garrison at Carabanchel Alto, west of Madrid, after they had been engaged in Spanish Army and Air Force manœuvres in the area of the Pyrenees mountains in the north of the country.

MR. GLUCK LEARNS HIS LESSON. The newly-appointed American Ambassador to Ceylon points out the country to which he has been accredited on a map in the State Department in Washington. Mr. Maxwell Gluck is the owner of a chain of stores in Ohio. Last month the transcript was published of his questioning by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee before they agreed to his appointment by President Eisenhower. He showed a marked ignorance of Ceylon and its affairs, including inability to give the name of the Prime Minister. However, since then he has been given a course of study in the State Department.

EDINBURGH FESTIVAL

The Programmes for 1957 by Artists of Many Nations are a Judicious Blend of Classical and Modern—of Tradition and Enterprise

By IAIN CRAWFORD

WHEN Mr. Robert Ponsonby was appointed Artistic Administrator of the Edinburgh Festival two years ago there was a good deal of head-shaking and muttering about the dangers of entrusting the guidance of such an immense and complicated enterprise to so young a man. The proportions to which Edinburgh's annual cultural circus had grown seemed to call for a man ripe in planning experience with the tactical grasp of a successful general and the social urbanity and skill of a veteran diplomat.

Mr. Ponsonby, a very tall, agreeable young man of under thirty who had been assistant to the previous Festival director, Ian Hunter, did not really seem to possess any of these qualifications. He was generally popular in a quiet kind of way and those of us who spent a little time in his company soon learned to appreciate his wit and enthusiasm, but there is no denying that his appointment was a surprise. Everyone—including, I suspect, Mr. Ponsonby—wondered what kind of a job he was going to make of the next few years of Festival.

He took over his task at a crucial point in the Festival's history, for at the end of ten years there had begun to be a sameness about the programmes. There was no sign of a decline in popularity and each year a new record of attendance was announced, but in some quarters there were murmurings about the programmes. Three-quarters of the people who come to the Scottish capital for the Festival are delighted to listen to the world's best orchestras playing the world's best music and it is for the excellent performances of the classical repertory's standard musical war-horses that they attend the Festival. Skilful programme-making will entice them to sit through an unfamiliar or modern work in order to have the Beethoven or Mozart or Brahms which they come for at the end.

CHIEF PROGRAMME PLANNER: Mr. Robert Ponsonby was appointed the Artistic Administrator of the Edinburgh Festival two years ago.

But there are a vocal minority who complain that Edinburgh has already run the gamut of the best orchestras and that they have all played the most familiar works by Beethoven, Mozart and Brahms. Glyndebourne, which used to have a monopoly of opera at the Festival, was beginning to repeat itself within its Mozart, Verdi and Rossini repertoire. People were starting to ask whether it was the second or third time the Vienna Philharmonic had appeared at the Festival and there were various other signs of unrest.

Lacking a composer like Mozart or Wagner whom it could claim as a native son, Edinburgh has always gone flat out for universality. "Here," the Scottish capital has said proudly, "you will see more of everything than anywhere else."

It has meant programme-making on the grandest scale and it has paid handsomely. But when Robert Ponsonby took over there were already mutterings about the need to find a theme for the Festival, the critics were setting higher standards year by year and the general public, quite happy with their Mozart, Brahms and Beethoven, and not very sure what it was all about, were catching echoes of the grumbles.

The new director had to evolve a programming policy which would not lose the satisfied customers—who are in the majority—and which would not reduce the overall size of the Festival. To do that would be to incur the wrath of the Edinburgh businessmen and hoteliers who take some £3,000,000 from Festival visitors every year. But obviously something had also to be done not to lose the goodwill of the minority of grumblers, among whom were to be found some powerful voices. In this difficult task, Mr. Ponsonby seems to me to have succeeded admirably with the 1957 programme.

IN A PLAY BY A GERMAN ANTI-NAZI: Moira Shearer has a leading part in *A Man of Distinction*, a satirical comedy by Walter Hasenclever.

He has rightly discarded the idea of a "Festival theme." There is no constant theme which Edinburgh could take as a purpose for her Festival which would not destroy its present success. There can be an occasional theme as anniversaries or other opportunities suggest themselves, but Mr. Ponsonby has elected to stick to universality. What is different about the 1957 programme is that instead of being built with cautious universality it has been planned with adventurous universality.

OPERA FROM ITALY: Maria Meneghini-Callas sings Amina in *La Sonnambula* which Milan La Piccola Scala is performing at the Festival, which opens to-morrow.

BALLET FROM SWEDEN: In *Miss Julie* Else Marianne von Rosen is one of the leading dancers of the Swedish Royal Ballet, of Stockholm. Performances are at the Empire Theatre.

A VIOLIN VIRTUOSO: Szymon Goldberg plays Mendelssohn's violin Concerto in E minor with the Concertgebouw Orchestra of Amsterdam, which will be heard throughout the third week of the Festival at the Usher Hall.

A COMIC OPERA BY A CONTEMPORARY OF MOZART: Carlo Badioli (left) and Franco Calabrese are in La Piccola Scala's production of Cimarosa's *Il Matrimonio Segreto*.

Perhaps nowhere has the planning skill been more evident than in the field of opera. A visit to Edinburgh from Italy's premier opera company, La Scala, Milan, was long overdue. Many of us cherish memories of the wonderful concerts given by La Scala Orchestra and Chorus under de Sabata and Guido Cantelli at the 1950 Festival. La Piccola Scala brings four operas of appropriate dimensions for the King's Theatre this year.

They are *La Sonnambula* (The Sleepwalker), by Vincenzo Bellini, *Il Matrimonio Segreto* (The Secret Marriage), by Domenico Cimarosa, Donizetti's *L'Elisir d'Amore* (The Elixir of Love) and Rossini's *Il Turco in Italia* (The Turk in Italy). The last three are comic operas and the first *semi-seria* rather than *seria*, for it has a happy ending. Only *L'Elisir d'Amore* is at all familiar to British audiences and it is not as well known as it deserves to be, for it is a work of singular gaiety and charm.

Four little-known Italian operas to please the critics and, to bring in the majority, a galaxy of world-famous Italian singers with names known to most people who have ever browsed through the opera section of a gramophone record shop.

In *La Sonnambula* Maria Meneghini-Callas will sing the part of Amina, the Swiss maiden who goes sleepwalking with disastrous results to her reputation, partnered by Nicola Monti as Elvino. In *Il Matrimonio Segreto*, by Domenico Cimarosa, an Italian contemporary of Mozart, the two girls, Elisetta and Carolina, will be sung by Eugenia Ratti and Graziella Sciutti, two of the most accomplished and charming younger Italian singers. The Cimarosa opera is being produced by Giorgio Strehler, whose sensational productions of the Goldoni and Pirandello plays given by the Piccolo Teatro were the outstanding theatrical events of last year's Festival.

L'Elisir d'Amore offers Rosanna Carteri, a good-looking soprano with a fine voice, as Adina and Giuseppe di Stefano, probably the most popular contemporary Italian recording tenor, as Nemorino. Fernando Corena is to sing Dulcamara in *L'Elisir* and Selim in Rossini's entertaining *Il Turco in Italia*. Other names which gramophone enthusiasts will recognise are Nicola Zaccaria, Carlo Badioli, Luigi Alva, Franco Calabrese and Sesto Bruscantini. With such a collection of singers the opera can hardly fail to be a sell-out.

In the theatre, enterprise is again well to the fore. For the first time since 1950 there is to be no play by Shakespeare—there has been Shakespeare every year but two, twice in French—and for the first time ever, all the plays are by twentieth-century dramatists. Indeed, with the exception of Hasenclever, an anti-Nazi German poet

"CUPID OUT OF HIS HUMOUR": Bjorne Holmgren is the leading male dancer of the Swedish Royal Ballet and will be Cupid among other parts next week in Edinburgh.

JEAN ANOUILH'S "LA REPETITION" AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE: *Left*—Jean-Louis Barrault, and *right*, Madeleine Renaud and Pierre Bertin in one of the two plays which the Barrault-Renaud Company is performing. The other is a dramatic anthology *Connaissance de Claudel*, a selection from the works of the famous French dramatist who died last year.

THE [illegible]TING FOR "L'ELISIR D'AMORE": Mario Velani Marchi is the designer for Donizetti's amusing [illegible]era in the repertoire of La Piccola Scala, Milan Company at Edinburgh. Rosanna Carteri [illegible]gs Adina and Giuseppe di Stefano, one of Italy's most distinguished tenors, is Nemorino.

LIGHT RELIEF AT THE END OF THE DAY: Anna Russell appears regularly in a late-night programme of her satires and songs. Her penetrating wit gives the Festival the chance it has hitherto lacked of laughing at itself.

who committed suicide when the Nazis entered Paris in 194[illegible] and Paul Claudel who died last year, all the playwrights represented at the Festival are still alive.

[illegible] the Lyceum Theatre during the first week the English Stage Company, under the direction of George Devine, presents a translation by Sylvia and George Leeson of Jean-Paul Sartre's all-male farce, *Nekrassov*. Among the cast are Robert Helpmann, Harry H. Corbett and George Benson. Walter Hasenclever's *Man of Distinction*, a satirical comedy set in the '20's about a man who makes a living by writing love-letters to women, occupies the second week. It has as its stars Anton Walbrook and Moira Shearer. During the third week the Lyceum stage will be taken by La Compagnie Renaud-Barrault.

In a dramatic anthology entitled *Connaissance de Claudel* Barrault will present a selection from the work of one of France's leading modern dramatists and in *La Répétition*, by Jean Anouilh, a complete work by another. This is tough programme-making, relying on star names to bring in the more intellectually timid patrons.

The open stage of the Assembly Hall is this year the scene of a world premiere. *The Hidden King*, by Jonathan Griffin, is an historical play set in Portugal and Venice in the days of the Renaissance. The plot is woven around a claimant to the Portuguese throne and we are promised an adventure story in a Renaissance setting which has some relevance to present-day problems. *The Hidden King* is being directed by Covent Garden's resident producer, Christopher West, and a distinguished cast includes Robert Eddison, Robert Speaight, Michael Macliammoir, Sebastian Shaw and Rosalind Atkinson.

In the music of the concert hall the note of adventure is more modest but it is still there. Of the 200 or so works to be performed during the Festival only a quarter are by the Festival's standard top five composers, Beethoven, Mozart, Bach, Brahms and Schubert. Contemporary and little-known works account for another quarter and the remainder of the programmes are made up of works of considerable interest on the fringe of the normal concert hall repertoire.

This is a much better balance than that of previous years. There is a substantial reduction in the number of standard war-horses appearing in the programme and yet none of the programmes for the larger concerts have been made so esoteric as to frighten away unsophisticated music-lovers in large numbers.

There is, I am delighted to say, no hooch-aye, tartan-flinging, self-consciously Scots mixter-maxter of ballads, Highland dancing and pipers on the official programme this year. Instead, Scotland is decently represented, as it should be, not with some animate travel poster, but by a play by one of her premier living dramatists at the Gateway Theatre, concerts by the Scottish National and the B.B.C. Scottish Orchestras and recitals by the New Edinburgh Quartet and the Saltire Singers. The play is Robert MacLellan's *The Flouers o' Edinburgh* and in it are Duncan Macrae, Tom Fleming and Bryden Murdoch among a cast of some of the best players in Scotland.

But perhaps the boldest and most enterprising thing Robert Ponsonby has done in the 1957 Festival planning is to challenge the "fringe" late-night revues on their own ground. For some years now sophisticated revue, beginning at 11 p.m. or thereabouts, has been a popular feature of the Festival "fringe." Some of the revues were very good, others indifferent but they catered for a large public who wanted a late-night laugh after the rigours of a full Festival day. Mr. Ponsonby's answer to this is brilliant—Anna Russell. The brilliance in this case is not the Festival director's but Miss Russell's. She is a phenomenon, known in this country largely through her gramophone records and is undoubtedly one of the funniest women alive.

Her performances, which will take place in the Freemasons Hall at 11 p.m. during the Festival, are cloaked under the misleadingly dull title of "lecture-recitals." Miss Russell does indeed lecture and does indeed sing, but not like anyone else you have ever heard before. Or, to be more accurate, devastatingly like a lot of people whom you have heard before but who would not be overanxious to recognise themselves as seen through Miss Russell's beady and malicious eye.

Her penetrating and devastating analysis of musical pomposities provides the Festival with a chance for something which it has hitherto always lacked—a chance to laugh at itself. By incorporating her into this year's official programme Mr. Ponsonby has shown a shrewdness as a planner which augurs well for the future.

This is the first year in which there has been an opportunity to judge Robert Ponsonby's work as a programme planner, firmly established in office. The result seems to promise one of the best Festivals Edinburgh has ever mounted—a judicious blend of enterprise and tradition with a constant emphasis on high executant quality.

If he continues in this vein, Mr. Ponsonby's appointment may well turn out to be the wisest one the Festival Committee has made.

THE FIRST HOME OF R.L.S.: *Above*—The artist's impression is of Stevenson's birthplace at No. 8, Howard Place. *On right*—Relics standing in a corner of 8, Howard Place. Here are Stevenson's beloved model theatre, a Long John Silver doll and a portrait of his nurse, Alison Cunningham.

STEVENSON'S SECOND CHILDHOOD HOME: Exactly 100 years ago, when he was seven years old, the writer's family moved to No. 17, Heriot Row. According to local legend, *Treasure Island* was inspired by memories of the miniature island in the pool in the gardens at the front of Heriot Row.

A VILLAGE NEAR A CITY: The Dean Village is only ten minutes' walk from the end of Princes Street, along Queensferry Street. The bridge in the drawing crosses the Water of Leith. In *Catriona*, Stevenson wrote: "Dean was where I wanted to go—my way was down the glen to the Leith River."

R. L. STEVENSON'S EDINBURGH

Impressions of the Capital of Scotland and its Associations with one of its Famous Writers

Drawings by JOHN MACKAY

"As I walked, my mind was busy fitting what I saw with appropriate words." Thus Robert Louis Stevenson wrote of his native city. In his novels, *Kidnapped*, *Catriona*, *St. Ives*, and *Weir of Hermiston*, Edinburgh provides a convincing part of the settings. In the Scottish capital one can still see some of the attractive scenes which Stevenson knew and loved so well.

R.L.S., who was born in Edinburgh 107 years ago, was the son of a civil engineer and it was intended that he should follow his father's trade. However, his health would not permit the necessary workshop training and instead he studied law. But even as a student he was more interested in literature.

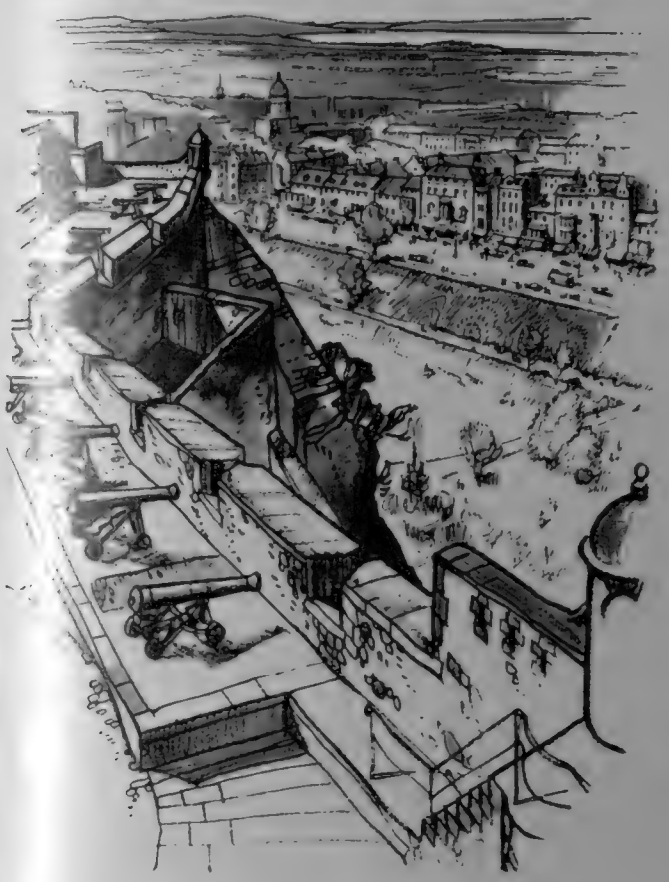
Stevenson travelled a great deal, not only because he was possessed with a wanderlust but also because his poor health demanded that he should seek a suitable climate. He visited the United States, where he married, and he died in Samoa at the age of forty-four. But his native Scotland remained the inspiration of much of his writing. On these pages the sketches of the Scottish capital by John Mackay show the debt that R.L.S. owed to his birthplace, Edinburgh.

A VIEW LOOKING NORTH: Here the artist has looked north from Duke Street, at the east end of Queen Street, as Stevenson himself must often have done. The wrought-iron standards in the foreground of the drawing are a reminder of the Georgian elegance of what is still called "New Town." In past times the horns at the bases of the lamp standards were used for extinguishing the torches carried by link boys.

THE SCENE OF SCOTTISH PARLIAMENTS: In Parliament Hall, behind St. Giles, lawyers can often be found strolling up and down as they wait for decisions in the adjoining law courts. Parliament House, which contains this hall, was the meeting-place of Scotland's Parliament until the Act of Union in 1707. It also housed the opening concert of what is believed to have been Edinburgh's first festival in 1815. Stevenson called the hall "The Salle des pas perdus of the Scottish Bar."

FISHER'S CLOSE: It remains, in spite of restoration, as described by R.L.S.: "The narrow paved way descended swiftly. Prodigious tall houses sprang up on each side . . . . The whole appearance of the place interested me like a tale."

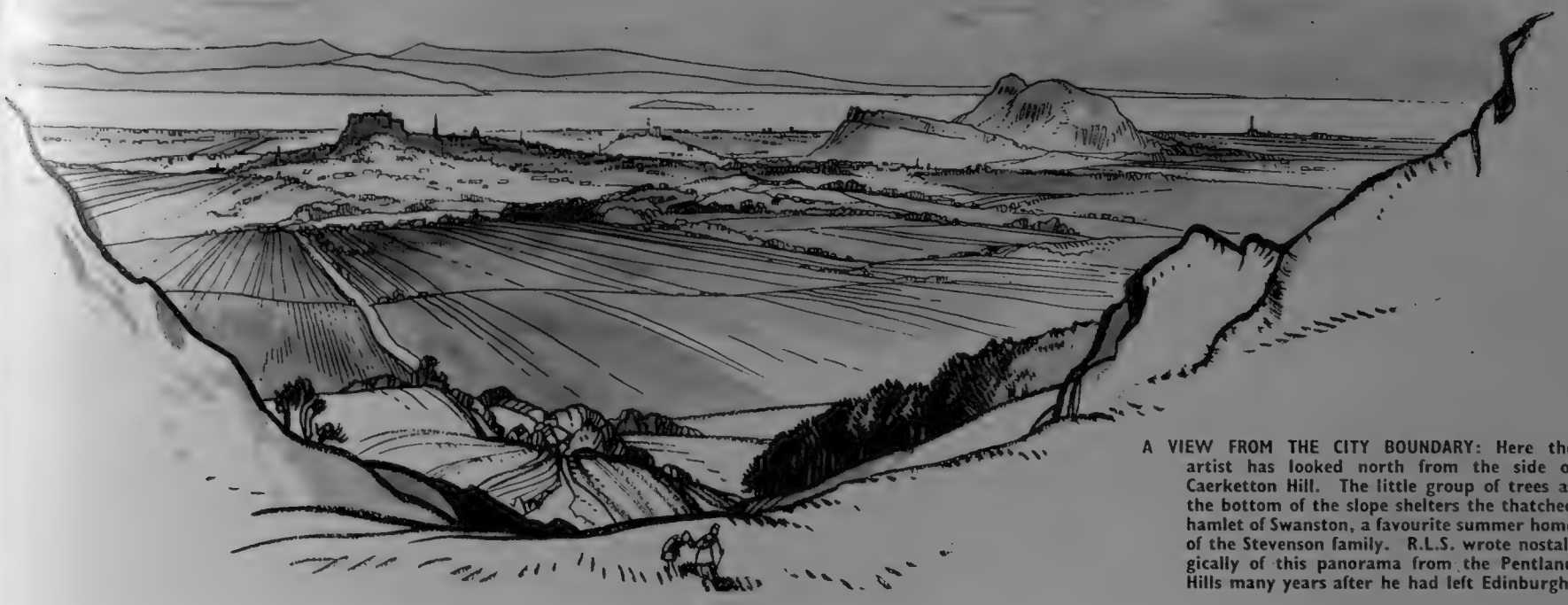
STEVENSON'S FAVOURITE VIEW: Calton Hill looks eastwards to the sweep of the Firth of Forth, where the coast rounds to the distant Bass Rock and North Berwick Law (in the extreme top left of the drawing). The chimney of Portobello Power Station is in the top left centre. On the right are Holyrood Park, the ruins of the Chapel Royal and the Palace of Holyroodhouse, which is the Queen's residence in Edinburgh.



On left—

THE ARGYLL TOWER OF EDINBURGH CASTLE: From this high point in Edinburgh the artist has drawn his impression of Princes Street. The Castle, although much restored, dates from 1090. The regalia of the Kings of Scotland, including the crown and sceptre, are kept in it. Within the walls Mary Stuart gave birth, in 1566, to the boy who became James VI of Scotland and eventually James I of England.

HISTORIC EDINBURGH: From the Vennel, at the south-west corner of the Grassmarket, one can trace the imaginary line of the old city's western wall by looking from the bottom right of the sketch upwards between the buildings to the higher slopes below the castle. *On left*—The Greyfriars Churchyard, which was admired by Robert Louis Stevenson for "the wonderful exhibition of skulls and crossbones and noseless angels."



A VIEW FROM THE CITY BOUNDARY: Here the artist has looked north from the side of Caerketton Hill. The little group of trees at the bottom of the slope shelters the thatched hamlet of Swanston, a favourite summer home of the Stevenson family. R.L.S. wrote nostalgically of this panorama from the Pentland Hills many years after he had left Edinburgh.

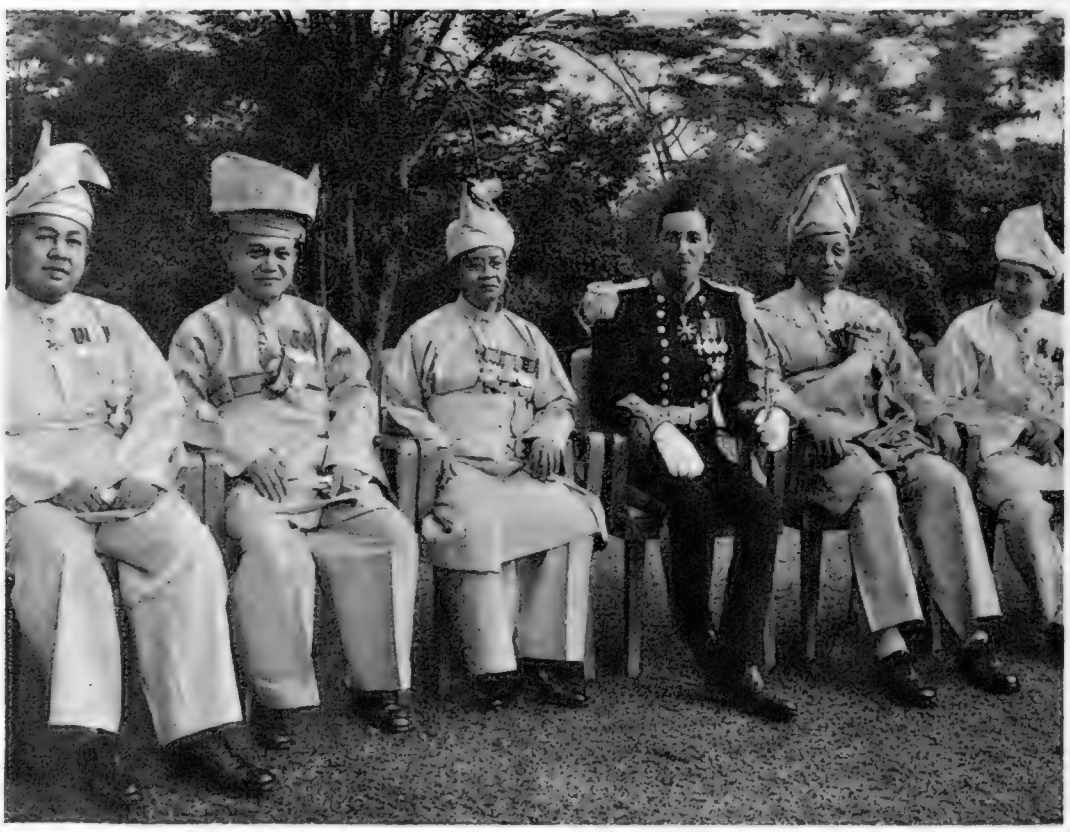
THE SIGNATURE OF THE NEW FEDERATION OF MALAYA AGREEMENT: At the head of the table in Kuala Lumpur are Sir Donald MacGillivray, the High Commissioner in Malaya, and Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, ruler of the State of Negri Sembilan, who had been appointed the previous day the Head of State of independent Malaya. Also at the table are other rulers in Malaya. They were about to take part in the ceremony of the signing of the treaty by which Malaya became independent.

THE INDEPENDENCE OF MALAYA

The Newly-Elected Head of State Signs the Treaty of Freedom

Two vital steps have been taken towards Malayan Independence which formally comes into being on August 31. The Head of the new State has been elected and the Treaty providing for Malayan freedom signed. The Head of State—Yang di Pertuan Agong, or King of Malaya—is Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, ruler of Negri Sembilan. He was elected to office in Kuala Lumpur by the votes of his fellow Royal rulers of the Malay States. The Sultan of Selangor, Sir Hisamuddin Alam Shah, was elected deputy paramount ruler. Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, the Head of the new State, should not be confused with the Tunku Abdul Rahman, Chief Minister of the Malayan Federation, who will become Prime Minister at the end of this month. The treaty or agreement abrogating the British Protectorate over the nine Malay States, and accepting the draft constitution for an independent Malaya, was signed the following day by the rulers and Sir Donald MacGillivray, the High Commissioner, on behalf of Britain. After the ceremony in King's House, Kuala Lumpur, tributes were paid to the work of Sir Donald.

A HISTORIC MOMENT FOR THE MALAYAN PEOPLE: *Left*—Sir Donald MacGillivray signs the Federation Agreement on behalf of Great Britain. *Right*—Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, the newly-elected Head of State, appends his signature. Independence Day will be on August 31.



AFTER THE TREATY CEREMONY: In the gardens of King's House in Kuala Lumpur are Sir Donald MacGillivray, Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman and other rulers of states in the Malayan Federation. The Head of State, or Yang di Pertuan Agong, will be installed early next month and hold the supreme office for five years.

A MEMBER OF THE INNER TEMPLE: Sir Abdul Rahman, who is aged sixty-two, was called to the Bar in London thirty years ago. He was a magistrate before succeeding as ruler of Negri Sembilan.

The Short-Toed Eagle at Home

ERIC HOSKING *has taken what are Believed to be the First Pictures of this rare bird.* GUY MOUNTFORT, *Leader of the Recent Expedition to Spain, writes the article*

MOST of the eagle species inhabiting Europe have, at one time or another, been seen in Great Britain. The handsome Short-toed Eagle, *Circaëtus gallicus*, or Serpent Eagle is an exception. Its breeding range extends through Southern Europe and North Africa to central Asia. The present western range lies south of a line running roughly from the Loire to Alsace. The European population is chiefly migratory, wintering as far south as Nigeria, Egypt and Abyssinia. It is nowhere numerous.

Although it feeds almost exclusively on snakes, lizards and frogs and can, therefore, by no stretch of the imagination be called harmful to man, the Short-toed Eagle suffers the usual senseless persecution inevitably reserved for the large birds of prey. Already it has disappeared from Germany; it is rare in Switzerland and diminishing in France. Laying but a single egg each year, its chances of long survival in Europe appear slender.

This year's ornithological expedition to the remote Coto Doñana, in the wilds of Southern Spain (THE SPHERE, August 3), was successful in finding the nest of a Short-toed Eagle and in photographing and filming the parents and nestling. The photographs by Mr. Eric Hosking which accompany this article are thought to be the first ever taken of this very interesting bird.

The Short-toed Eagle is paradoxical, both in appearance and in highly specialised feeding habits. It has the majestic, powerful flight of an eagle, yet hovers like a buzzard. Its very large eyes and broad face are distinctly owl-like, but its small bill and shaggy "trousers" recall the typical harrier; its curiously small grey feet are unlike those of any other bird of prey. In flight it is remarkable for its very large wings and rather large, distinctively projecting head. Seen flying overhead it looks chiefly white, with narrow black tips to the flight feathers.

Examined more closely, one notices the three dark bars on the tail, a light sprinkling of spots on the lower surfaces of the wings and body and a brown flush on the upper breast and throat. The plumage is, however, very variable and some birds are almost completely white below. The upper parts are a delicate shade of grey-brown. The female, contrary to the rule with most eagles, is not noticeably larger than the male. It is browner than its mate, which has a pale grey head.

A RARE MEMBER OF THE ROYAL FAMILY OF BIRDS: The Short-toed Eagle and nestling are at the nest on the crown of a stone pine-tree in the Coto Doñana, Southern Spain. The male parent is carrying a snake in its bill. This is believed to be one of the first photographs ever taken of this type of eagle.

FEEDING-TIME FOR THE YOUNG CHICK: The male eagle (left) has settled on the nest, bringing the hindquarters of an Ocellated Lizard, which the mother has taken in her bill to pass on to the youngster. The small feet, from which the eagle gets its name, can be seen clearly, as can its strongly marked tail and barred flanks.

The nest of the Short-toed Eagle was found on May 6, in the crown of a stone pine, 25 ft. above ground. The site was a lonely one, among scattered trees behind rolling dunes, half a mile from the dazzling Atlantic beach which stretches unblemished for 40 kilometres along the western side of the Coto Doñana. The single very large egg nestled in a thick lining of pine needles. In view of the rarity of the bird it was decided not to attempt photography until the egg had hatched. On May 20 the tree was climbed again and the nest was found to contain a downy chick, aged about eight days. It was a curious little creature, with very protuberant eye-sockets, which gave it the comical appearance of wearing old-fashioned motoring goggles.

Work began immediately on the construction of a 30-ft. pylon, from which the nest could be photographed. Our tubular metal scaffolding was already in use at the nest of a Spanish Imperial Eagle, so the new pylon had to be built of locally-cut eucalyptus poles. These had to be transported some miles across very rough scrub by tractor, as far as the edge of the dunes, where the heavy vehicle could go no further. The remainder of the journey was extremely arduous. Most of our horses refused point-blank to have anything to do with our intention to drag the poles across the sand, though one or two were induced to accept this indignity.

The bulk of the poles and other heavy equipment had to be man-handled across, in a shade temperature well up in the nineties. Work had to be carried out at the maximum possible speed, in order not to disturb the eagles longer than necessary. By May 24 the pylon was

(*Continued on following page*)

DOMESTIC SCENE: The male eagle, with the tail of a snake protruding from its bill, alights at the top of a stone pine-tree just above the nest. The tree was discovered half a mile from the sea among the dunes. The female is brooding the eight-day-old chick.

STOCKING THE LARDER: The Short-toed Eagle plays with a small grass snake. Although not immune to the bite of poisonous snakes, the eagle does not hesitate to kill and eat adders and even the more dangerous horned viper, which it usually decapitates.

A GROWING YOUNGSTER TAKES A MEAL: The parent eagle is feeding the nestling with small pieces torn from the carcases of snakes and lizards. At the age of two weeks, however, the eaglet has usually learned how to feed itself and can swallow small snakes whole.

ON THE ALERT: The Short-toed Eagle is perched surveying the scene from above the nest. When seen from the front, its small bill, large eyes and broad face appear owl-like, but there is no mistaking the bird's majestic flight, which is remarkably powerful.

THE SHORT-TOED EAGLE AT HOME

(*Continued from previous page*)

completed and the hide erected on a platform made of old sherry cases. The edifice was far from stable, even with stout guy-ropes at each corner. Moreover, being so close to the open sea, there was always a stiff breeze blowing and this caused the pylon to rock and creak badly. Additional guy-ropes were attached and on May 29 Eric Hosking climbed up for the first of the three days he was to spend in the hide.

After a wait of only three-quarters of an hour, Hosking heard one of the eagles calling overheard, a cry not unlike the courtship cry of a Tawny Owl, a shrill "*mew-ock*." Half an hour later both birds perched side by side on a tree near the nest and called to each other several times. An hour later the male alighted on the nest tree. From its bill dangled a few inches of the tail of a snake. Descending confidently to the nest, it put one foot on the snake and pulled out the headless body, which was about 2 ft. long. It was one of the numerous local species, *Natrix maura*, which attains a length of more than 6 ft. when fully grown.

The eagle stood on the still writhing form and began tearing off small pieces, which it presented delicately to the hungry nestling. The meal lasted for nearly half an hour and was just concluding when the female arrived at the nest, bearing a sprig of fresh pine needles, which she added to the lining. These additions to the nest continued to be made until the young eagle was fledged. They served a very useful function in keeping it in a sanitary condition. The hen then settled to brood the chick, which scrambled gratefully under her feathers to escape the blazing sun.

Seen at close quarters from the hide the large eyes of the adult eagles were startling in their extraordinary brilliance. They are a vivid, luminescent orange-yellow and quite unlike those of any other eagle. As can be seen in the pictures, the plumage of both sexes is very handsome, the bold horizontal markings on the flanks being particularly striking.

On the second visit of the male the nestling immediately seized the dangling tail of a snake which protruded from its bill and began pulling. The parent again assisted the process of disgorgement with its foot, but the nestling did not release its hold during the tug-of-war which resulted. With quick backward motions of its head it began swallowing the 2-ft. snake, tail-first. This in itself was interesting, as the adult eagles invariably swallow snakes head-first. In an astonishingly short space of time it engulfed the whole snake, although its own total length at that age was scarcely 10 ins.

But an even more amazing performance was seen on another occasion. The male carried to the nest a snake nearly 3 ft. in length and 1¼ ins. thick at its widest part. This was received by the female, who began tearing off tiny pieces for the nestling. The latter, however, soon got hold of the snake and began swallowing it.

After gobbling the first 8 ins. at a tremendous rate, it began choking and had to disgorge. It quickly began again, gulping at a steady rate of once every 3 to 4 seconds. By the time it reached the thickest part of the snake its tiny bill was stretched open to its fullest extent and the weight of the carcase made it fall over on its side. Hanging on grimly, it righted itself and continued its gargantuan meal, pausing from time to time in complete exhaustion. At the end of 37 minutes the tip of the snake's tail finally disappeared and the nestling collapsed, its downy crop distended to half the size of its tiny body. Three-and-a-half hours later it cheerfully ate another snake! The rapidity of the digestive processes of the young eagle was obviously phenomenal. Several different species of snakes were given to the nestling.

Although not immune to the bite of poisonous species, the Short-toed Eagle does not hesitate to kill and eat adders and the more dangerous Horned Vipers. The

AN INSATIABLE APPETITE: The male Short-toed Eagle (left) works hard in fetching food for its young nestling. Usually the mother is ready to seize supplies and feed the chick herself. The large, orange-yellow eyes of the adult Short-toed Eagle are startling in their brilliance. They are quite unlike the eyes of any other eagle.

A DELICATE OPERATION: The female eagle assists in the disgorging of an Ocellated Lizard while the nestling watches the intricate performance with interest.

hind-quarters of a big Ocellated Lizard, *Lacerta lepida*, which is numerous on the Coto Doñana, was also brought to the nest. This blue-green lizard attains a maximum length of 3 ft. and is the scourge of all ground-nesting birds and even of young rabbits, which it drags from their holes.

While hunting, the Short-toed Eagle flies slowly, occasionally gliding briefly on level wings, at fairly low altitude, hovering from time to time, or hanging motionless, head-on to the wind. When a snake is spotted, the eagle thrusts its head downward, half closes its wings and drops like a thunderbolt. It seizes the wriggling prey in its outstretched talons and bears it aloft. Like the smaller buzzard, it often sits motionless for long periods, either on a tree or on the ground. In this respect one might call it a rather sluggish bird, but anyone who has seen it hunting will agree that it justifies its classification as an eagle.

On one occasion I was sitting, in concealment, watching a colourful Bee-eater preening itself on a tree about 25 ft. from me. Suddenly, from a clear sky, a Short-toed Eagle swooped at it, with a hissing rush of air through its wings as it descended, almost vertically. The terrified Bee-eater just succeeded in diving to safety in the tree and the eagle's talons struck the branch a resounding blow. It was a highly dramatic incident, but I suspected that the eagle was only stooping in a moment of play, as this species very rarely attacks birds.

A LESSON IN "TABLE-MANNERS": The young Short-toed Eagle is pictured at the conclusion of a remarkable meal. Although barely 10 ins. long, the hungry eaglet succeeded in swallowing the whole of a 3-ft. snake in the space of thirty-seven minutes. The last remaining part of the snake's tail can be seen hanging from the eaglet's bill.

WALKING THE DORSET COAST

This Coastline, Without a Real Coast Road, is Perhaps the Most Exciting in all Britain; It Played a Great Part in the Artistic Development of Englishmen

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

THE Dorset coastline is, perhaps, the most exciting in all Britain, particularly if you are a geologist or have leanings that way. I am not and have not. But I feel about it very much what Jacquetta Hawkes has said about the neighbourhood of Lyme Regis, that "walking between the high, crumbling cliffs and the sea, one is exposed to the assault of time." Even for me, with no geological knowledge whatsoever, a walk along this coast is a tremendous experience; and I have walked the whole length from the Devon border to the confines of Bournemouth more than once. (It is, by the way, no longer possible to do so owing to the interference of the military.) I have, indeed, just walked a considerable stretch of it once again.

But of so much more, too. I can never be in Lyme Regis (or indeed anywhere else on that fantastic stretch between Lyme and Burton) without thinking of Mary Anning. You will, maybe, know the story. There was a horse-fair at Lyme and a heavy thunderstorm: there was a blinding flash, and when people looked again, there on the ground lay three adults and a child. The adults were dead. But the child "upon being put into warm water revived. She had been a dull child before, but after this accident became lively and intelligent and grew up so." The child was Mary Anning, whose father was a carpenter at Lyme. It was she who, at the tender age of twelve, discovered the first complete ichthyosaur. Thirteen years later she discovered the first plesiosaur,

A PROMINENT FEATURE ALONG THE DORSET COAST: At Lulworth Cove, the lofty hills rise abruptly from the sea. On walking eastwards from Portland Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald writes: "So now you come to curves and bays and inlets, to caves and arches and even staircases—Durdle Door and Lulworth Cove and Stair Hole (which is another Lulworth in the making) and Warbarrow (but here you have to go inland now)—and so over Purbeck to the soft inlet of Poole Harbour and the rich man's playground at Canford Cliffs."

Except for one length, it is better to walk from west to east (it is never good to walk into the setting sun—far better to have it at your back—the light of early day is quite another matter) and you ought really, I suppose, to start back in Devon; say, at Sidmouth. For then you have the contrast of Bere Head (which has no business to be there at all, for it is chalk and it ought to come after Portland Bill as you walk east) and the famous landslip at Rousden, an aperitif to whet the appetite for the feast ahead, a feast which starts at Lyme Regis.

The cliffs from this point all the way to Weymouth are the most astonishingly colourful jumble. I find it fascinating to stand there and to know that I am standing at a sort of geological terminus. The other end of the line is away on the coast of the North Sea; these rock formations run half across England in broad pyjama stripes: lias, oolite, chalk. What those three stripes have done for England! The chalk, you may think, not very much, except to provide us with some magnificent downland scenery. But England, the England that we know, was born in the chalk: it was chalk that gave us our first real wealth in the sheep-walks: and it was the wood of the chalk lands that gave us some of our finest wood-carvers and furniture-makers. To the oolite we owe much of our finest building. The womb of London lies here on the Dorset coast: Portland stone and Purbeck marble. And it is, perhaps, fitting that in the end the lias, so long (and so rightly) ignored by the builder, should come into its own. Lias is the womb of the age of concrete.

and a couple of years later still she discovered the first pterodactyl. I wonder how many modern children of twelve years old would even know that they were looking at fossil bones? I, at least, can never wander along this shore without wondering what I might see had I the right sort of eyes. The lias is full of amonites, and, of course, I have seen some, but I have not the eye for a fossil—perhaps because I have never been struck by lightning—and so, though I do not think that I miss many of the birds and few of the flowers, though I notice most of the small wayside tracks of mammals, I would never see a fossil unless it was pointed out to me.

At Charmouth the cliffs in certain lights are quite startlingly blue. And then you climb to the yellow top of the Golden Cap (a yellow cap above a blue dress) and so on to the pocket-handkerchief harbour of West Bay and the multi-coloured cliffs at Burton Bradstock. When you first do this walk, you are likely to think it among the most tiring walks anywhere, for it is a steep switchback and the earth seems to cling to your feet: it is as if some great prehistoric monster had a grip on you. You struggle to get along.

But then you come to the Chesil Beach. And, if you walk the whole eighteen miles of the Chesil—and I have now done so three times—you will know at once that the walk from Lyme to Burton is mere child's play. This tremendous shingle bank (by the way, it is *not* the longest in Britain: that honour belongs to Suffolk) is difficult enough walking in any case, but the monotony adds two miles to every one you cover. And this is the stretch you should always do from east to west, because the shingle is graded that way. At Portland the stones are the size of loaves: at Burton they are no larger than a fine gravel. (And so exact is the grading that a fisherman landing on the chesil in the dark will know just where he is from the size of the stones beneath his feet.) You do not want to clamber over large stones at the end of eighteen tiring miles: better to put them behind you at the start. Needless to say, the first time I walked the Chesil, I did so the wrong way round!

It is fitting that the Chesil Beach should be here. For this was the domain of the giant reptile, and, as you look at the Bank (it does not matter from which end) it lies, tawny in the sun, like some huge primitive saurian. And dead, too. I am always amazed how little life there is on the bank. There is a well-developed flora—all along the inside edge, bordering the Fleet, there is an almost continuous fringe of *Suaeda fruticosa*, which is a Mediterranean shrub and found only in a few places along the South Coast—but animal life is scanty in the extreme. There are swans on the Fleet, of course, and gulls and terns scream round your head; there may be a buzzard or a raven high overhead. But on the bank itself, except for the sea-birds, there is very little. A few sheep pick up a living off the wrack, perhaps, and a rat or two (especially at the Portland end) similarly engaged. I have seen a hare more than once—hares often have a liking for shingle—and last summer on a pouring wet day I saw a fox about eight miles out from Burton, and have never ceased to wonder what it was doing there. But in the main this is desert land and the dominant sound is not the harsh cry of the gulls, but the soft, insistent, and somehow sinister, thrust-and-shush of deep water on stone.

Portland I find both grim and fascinating. It is a wonderful place for Viper's Bugloss and for Wheatears at the right seasons, and from this rock bastion that is so nearly an island you get a wonderful view of Dorset. Dorset, it has often been said, borrows its landscapes from many counties, but especially from Wiltshire and Hampshire and Sussex. I think that that is true, but the lights are Dorset's alone. It is the light that gives to this coast unmatched beauty.

Eastward from Portland there is a living lesson in the power of the sea. The chalk has given, or is giving, way, but the oolite, though severely battered and often cracked and shelved, has stood firm. So now you come to curves and bays and inlets, to caves and arches and even staircases—Durdle Door and Lulworth Cove and Stair Hole (which is another Lulworth in the making) and Warbarrow (but here you have to go inland now)—and so over Purbeck to the soft inlet of Poole Harbour and the rich man's playground at Canford Cliffs.

POOLE AND ITS POWER STATION: The harbour is beautiful at high tide and entrancing at low. It has been said that, if you stay long enough, you may see here every seabird on the British list and all the fresh-water ones as well.

Poole Harbour is beautiful at high tide and entrancing at low. It has been said that, if you stay long enough, you may see here every seabird on the British list and all the freshwater ones as well. I have not stayed long enough. But I remember how bitterly people complained when the power station was built at Poole, how it would ruin the view and drive away the birds, and so on. The birds do not mind at all—I think that there is more bird-life on Poole Harbour now than there was before the war—and personally I like to come down from the high ground of Purbeck and to see those tall chimneys before me.

Coming from Hampshire, which has a coastline almost as solidly built up as the Old Kent Road, this Dorset coast is paradise indeed. But to be appreciated it must be walked: there is no real coast road anyway. This Dorset coast played a great part in the artistic development of Englishmen. Now, when in a new and uglier age, the Dorset lias plays again a leading part as did Dorset stone in a more gracious age, the oolite and the chalk combine to bring refreshment to spirits a little wearied by the ever-present cement and concrete.

THE FLORAL DANCE AT THE EISTEDDFOD: Dancers in flowered dresses kneel in front of the Archdruid, the Rev. William Morris, during the floral dance at the Eisteddfod, in Llangefni, Anglesey, North Wales. Spectators saw the Archdruid being presented with a bouquet of wild flowers during this ceremony. Although it was raining in the early morning, the Archdruid omitted very little of the ritual of the Eisteddfod, at which several eminent Welsh men and women were admitted to or promoted in the Bardic orders. Among those honoured were Lady Megan Lloyd-George, Sir Daniel Davies, and Mr. Hugh Griffith, the actor. Later in the day the sun shone upon the large crowds who had come from all over Wales to see the traditional crowning of the bard.

CEREMONIES AT THE EISTEDDFOD

Druidic Ritual at the Traditional Gathering in North Wales

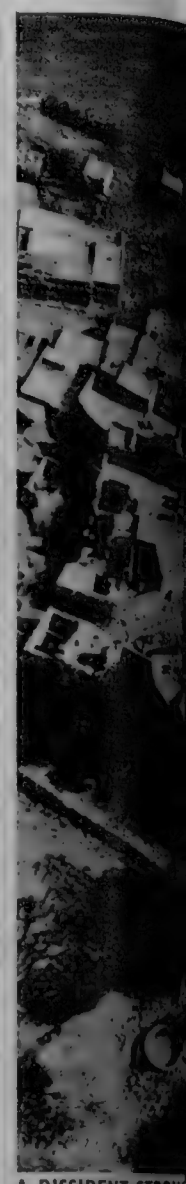
On left—

A BARDIC PROCESSION : During the second ceremony of the Eisteddfod, known as the Initiation of the Ovates, the Horn of Plenty is carried in a procession during the druidical rites of the Gorsedd at the gathering of bards on Anglesey.

MARCHING WITH A WELSH BANNER : A procession carries a banner towards the druidic Gorsedd circle during the Initiation of the Ovates. Eisteddfods have been held in Wales for several hundred years. The date of the first festival is not known, but the earliest extant records date from the twelfth century.

THE CROWNED BARD: Mr. Dynfallt Morgan, seen after being crowned by the Archdruid. A producer in the B.B.C. Welsh Service, he won the Crown for his verse play Between Two.

A REBEL FORT AFTER ATTACK BY THE R.A.F. : Birkat al Mauz, in Oman, is seen after it had suffered considerable damage from an attack by Royal Air Force Venom jet fighters. After air action against the dissident Imam's forces had been carried out for some days, ground operations with British troops, including the Cameronians, were mounted last week.



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BEFORE ATTACK BY VENOM AIRCRAFT: The squa
form of an Omani desert stronghold. Ini
by the dropping of warning leaflets for

AIR ATTACKS ON OMAN

R.A.F. Operations Against the Strongholds of the Imam and his Rebels

Like the medieval nobles in England and France, the tribal chieftains in Arabia traditionally take little heed of the allegiance demanded of them by their titular sovereigns. The revolt against the Sultan of Muscat and Oman by the Imam of Oman, the religious leader of the Omanis, is widely believed to have been instigated by neighbouring Saudi Arabia (probably with Soviet approval). Britain has intervened because of her treaty relations with the Sultan and because vital spheres of British interest are involved. Initially British action was confined to dropping leaflets in the disaffected areas warning the dissident tribesmen to refrain from military action. Later, however, British Venom fighters, armed with rockets, attacked rebel-held forts. Pictures of the damage done to some of these desert strongholds are shown on these pages. Before the attacks were made, R.A.F. aircraft flew over the target areas and dropped leaflets giving warning of the intended attacks. Last week saw the opening of a new phase when air action was supported by operations on the ground. Units of the Cameronians and of the British-officered Trucial Oman Scouts moved into rebel-held areas and were soon within striking distance of Nizwa, the Imam's headquarters.

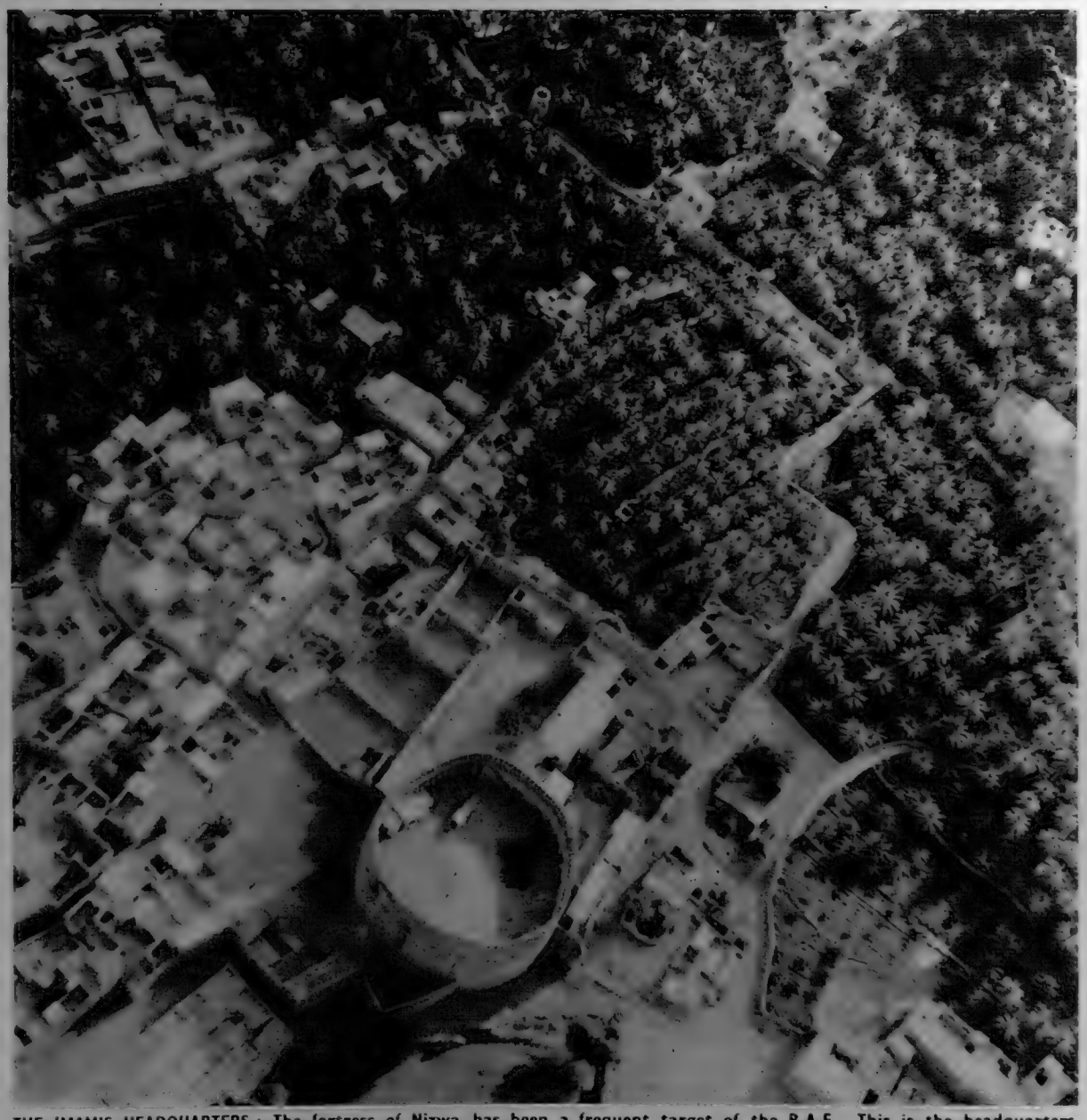
The Imam has called upon both the United States and Russia to intervene against what his representative in Cairo has termed "the aggressive acts of the British forces against the people of Oman." In Washington, Mr. Dulles has deprecated any suggestion that the United States is content with this sort of situation in the Middle East where British oil interests are involved, in the hope that the United States will gradually secure a greater share of them. He added that the United States had no desire whatever to drive out or make trouble for British interests. There was, he suggested, close Anglo-American co-operation in this particular area. In Cairo, the Political Committee of the Arab League has held a meeting to discuss the possibility of joint Arab aid to the rebels.

The legal position in Oman is not altogether clear. Great Britain was first involved there in 1913 when a similar revolt was led against the then Sultan of Muscat by the Imam of the day. Britain supported the Sultan in putting down the uprising and an agreement, known as the Treaty of Sib, was signed. By its terms tribesmen agreed not to interfere with the Sultan's Government and he in his turn undertook to respect the internal affairs of Oman. However, the Sultan's overlordship, which is now one of the questions at issue, does not appear to have been mentioned in the treaty.

HOLD : Tanuf is five miles north of Nizwa, the Imam's headquarters. This picture was ir attack by R.A.F. Venom fighters. Venoms were used at the opening of the campaign einforced by Shackletons and Meteors, which had previously flown only on reconnaissance.

THE MOUNTAINOUS DESERT OF OMAN: Precipitous rocks rise behind a rebel strongpoint. The sovereignty of wild country such as this has been disputed for years between the Sultans of Muscat and the Imams. This type of terrain makes ground operations extremely difficult.

eep in the centre of the Birkat al Mauz is typical of the ir attacks on rebel fortresses such as this were preceded ght hours before a raid. Later, less notice was given.



THE IMAM'S HEADQUARTERS : The fortress of Nizwa has been a frequent target of the R.A.F. This is the headquarters of the leader of the revolt against the Sultan of Muscat and Oman. As a result of the latter's request for military aid the R.A.F. and British Army units began operations. Nizwa was one of the main objectives.

The Sphere of Travel

WESTWARDS FOR HOLIDAYS

Suggestions for Travelling to the Caribbean and the Coastal Cities of South America

By GORDON COOPER

BACK in the spring I found myself in the tiny, almost forgotten, port of Palos de la Frontera, in Andalusia, whence Columbus set sail on August 3, 1492, to discover the New World; and to which same port, on March 15, 1493, seven months and eleven days afterwards, he returned, having realised his grand conception. As I looked out on the almost deserted estuary of the Rio Tinto I visualised the epic scene, at the same time contemplating whether I would not rather exchange all the comfort and the speed of our modern transportation for the exciting adventure of accompanying the great explorer on his voyage.

A useless dream, of course, but an interesting contrast, for to-day, flying by B.O.A.C., one can leave London in the evening and be in Bermuda by breakfast-time; Nassau, in the Bahamas, for lunch, and Montego Bay (Jamaica) for tea. Another service, also from London, flies via Bermuda direct to Barbados and Trinidad. Kingston (Jamaica), Barbados, and Trinidad are recommended bases from which to make various air trips to other of the Caribbean islands, using the B.W.I.A. services. Any travel agent can advise you on the current timetable. There is De Luxe, First Class and Tourist Class accommodation, while of interest are certain fifteen-day excursions, notably to Bermuda, the return fare being £184.

For those who have the time, travel by sea offers a restful appeal. There are the regular steamship services, such as Elders and Fyffes, and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, while there is also a considerable variety of opportunities for sailing by freighters—British, French, German, and Scandinavian. My recommendation is to consult a travel agent who specialises in this kind of holiday, for they have up-to-date information regarding available accommodation.

There are also four special winter voyages to the West Indies offered by the French Line. Sailing from Southampton on December 28, January 21, February 5, and February 25, those two fine, 20,000-ton ships, the *Flandre* and the *Antilles*, are making round trips, each of a month's duration. There is First-Class and Cabin-Class accommodation. The itineraries, which vary slightly, include a number of lesser-known ports, while each sailing will make calls at Kingston, Jamaica. Breaks can be arranged on these circular tours, while one-way trips are also available.

Another special opportunity is provided by a special voyage of the *Stella Polaris* from Dover on November 25 to Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Curaçao and Kingston. A wide range of accommodation is available. This sailing provides an ideal opportunity for those seeking a leisurely sea voyage, in first-class comfort, combined with a holiday of a few days or weeks in the West Indies. You cannot, however, return by this ship, but must arrange a homeward sailing by another line—a matter for your travel agent to arrange.

The Caribbean isles are now a popular playground for American tourists, to whom they are so easily accessible. The result is, of course, that in the best-known centres, such as Bermuda, Nassau, and Jamaica, prices for first-class accommodation are high, although there are comfortable lower-cost guest-houses where the full pension rates are around 70s. a day.

As always, however, the West Indies offers many opportunities for the holidaymaker who wishes for a time to escape from a busy world and its fashionable resorts. My first suggestion for such an off-the-beaten-track holiday is Tobago. The citizens of this delightful Caribbean island, with a perfect climate, believe that Daniel Defoe had it in mind when he wrote *The Life and Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*. They can back their opinion by expert reasoning. Although they admit that Defoe used the story of Alexander Selkirk, who was actually marooned on Mas-a-Tierra island in the Juan Fernandez group in the Pacific, they persist that the descriptions of the island, including its location and its proximity to Trinidad, set it up as the actual locale of the Robinson Crusoe story.

Whether or not Defoe had Tobago in mind doesn't matter, nor the fact that the Tobagonian Tourist Board publicise it as "Robinson Crusoe's Isle." The story could easily have happened on this tropical island, which can be reached by air from nearby Trinidad in 25 minutes. Once there, you will find several delightful, modern hotels, complete with private baths and terraces, while there are miles of sandy, palm-shaded beaches.

For those planning to escape to a winter that is *different*, Tobago is a suggested answer. Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., offer a three-week holiday there, inclusive of return air fare, at a cost of approximately £350 to £400. On a per day basis, this holiday would cost little more than one at a luxury hotel in Cannes or Monte Carlo. This same firm also organise a similar offer for Barbados, the most important of the islands in the Lesser Antilles.

Once you reach the string of islands which extend from Puerto Rico down to Trinidad it is not difficult for the independent traveller to arrange adventure trips to scores of places. In addition to the British possessions, there are also the island colonies belonging to France and Holland. In many of these places hotels are still reasonably priced, with full pension from about a pound a day. It is not possible for me to give here specific suggestions in this direction, but for those interested—even as armchair travellers—I can recommend three books published in the United States, but which can, in two instances at least, be ordered through a British bookseller. In brackets, I give the name and the address of the British representative, to whom you could apply in case of difficulty.

The books are:

The Standard Guide to Mexico and the Caribbean, by Lawrence and Sylvia Martin, and published by Funk and Wagnalls (39s. 6d.—Mayflower Publishing Co. Ltd., 41, Neal Street, London, W.C.2).

Escape to the West Indies, by Bradley Smith, and published by Alfred Knopf (56s. 6d.—R. S. R. Hutchison, 60, Arno Vale Road, Woodthorpe, Nottingham).

Islands in the Wind, by William J. Redgrave, and published by Harian Publications (reasonably priced at 2 dollars 50 cents), might be obtained on order through

USEFUL ADDRESSES

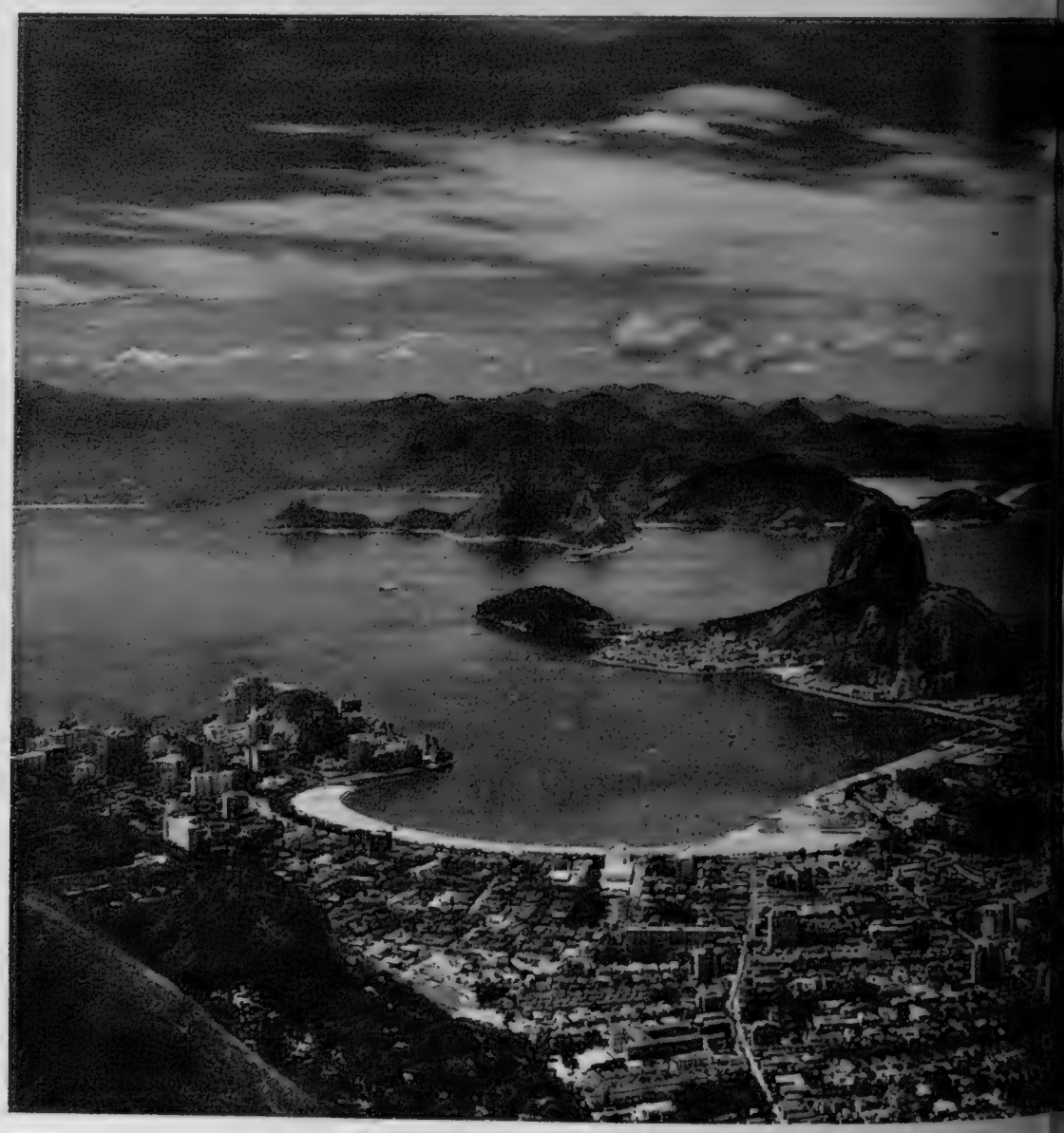
Bermuda Travel Information Office, 6, *Lower Regent Street, S.W.*1.
West India Committee, 40, *Norfolk Street, W.C.*2.
Bahamas Government Information Board, 21, *Berkeley Square, W.*1.
*British Overseas Airways Corporation, Airways Terminal, Buckingham Palace Road, S.W.*1
Booth Line, Cunard Building, Liverpool 3.
Dodero Line, 9-13, *Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.*3.
French Line, 20, *Cockspur Street, S.W.*1.
Clipper Line, 60, *Haymarket, S.W.*1.
*Pacific Steam Navigation Co., Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.*3.
*Royal Mail Lines, Royal Mail House, Leadenhall Street, E.C.*3.
Elders and Fyffes Ltd., 15, *Stratton Street, W.*1.
Siosa Line, 220, *High Street, Kensington, W.*8.

Specialist travel agents for sea voyages:
*Thos. Cook and Son Ltd., Berkeley Street, W.*1.
D. H. Drakeford Ltd., 60, *Haymarket, S.W.*1.
Informal Travels Ltd., 45, *Queensway, W.*2.
Pitt and Scott Ltd., 1, *St. Paul's Churchyard, E.C.*4.
Stelp and Leighton Ltd., 9-13, *Fenchurch Buildings, E.C.*3.
Western Shipping and Air Travel Ltd., 39, *Jermyn Street, S.W.*1.

For hotel accommodation in the West Indies:
Benson Travelways Ltd., 85, *Knightsbridge, S.W.*1.

ROUND THE WORLD

IT is now possible to fly round the world, with a choice of routes, in about nine days at a cost from £650 up. B.O.A.C. offer one such schedule. In contrast, there are leisurely sea voyages, taking months, by freighters which follow different itineraries. Such a trip can be made for as low as 400 gns. Any of the specialist travel agents named elsewhere on these pages could supply details. Of particular interest are the following three opportunities: (i) a luxury tour, including land excursions and time for sightseeing, which takes you to the Canaries, South and East Africa, thence Pakistan and India, Ceylon, Australia and New Zealand, and back by Panama. The cost is from 900 gns., and particulars can be obtained from Informal Travels Ltd.; (ii) a nine-week tour by air with stops in New York, San Francisco, Honolulu, Tokyo, Hong Kong, Bangkok, Singapore, Ceylon and Bombay; or another, covering travel by sea and rail or bus across the United States and taking in more countries in a very leisurely fashion, which lasts nearly five months, the cost being from £600. International Services Ltd. (7, Haymarket, S.W.1) are the organisers; (iii) the Edward Gray Round-the-World Tour (three-month trip) which comprises a small party leaving London on January 7 and is first-class throughout. For further information consult Edward Gray, 19, Queen Street, W.1.



LOOKING DOWN TO THE SEA ON THE ISLAND OF TOBAGO The main street and shopping centre at Scarborough, the island's chief town, which lies on the south coast. The island of Tobago, which can be reached by air from Trinidad in 25 minutes, has miles of palm-shaded beaches. Tobago has an area of 116 sq. miles.

Foyle's, 119, Charing Cross Road, London, W.C.2, or from a bookseller who imports American books.

There are two round freighter voyages, offered by Informal Travels, which merit mention. The first provides an excellent opportunity for those satisfied with two to three ports of call, and desiring mainly rest and sunshine. New German freighters (twelve first-class passengers capacity) sail bi-monthly to Jamaica, Honduras and/or Guatemala on a five/six-week voyage, the fare from and to the U.K. being £165. The second round voyage of seven/nine weeks' duration is provided by approximately weekly sailings from nearby Continental ports, with French, Dutch, German or Scandinavian freighters having excellent accommodation for from five to twelve passengers. Ports visited are usually Jacksonville and/or Miami, Tampa, Houston, and/or Galveston, New Orleans, Vera Cruz and/or Tampico (Mexico) and/or Havana (Cuba). Rates are from £165/280 according to type of cabin and ship.

Turning now to South America, both the Royal Mail Lines and the Pacific Steam Navigation Company offer round trip opportunities. The former company has planned a round voyage leaving Southampton on December 15, with Buenos Aires the destination, but several interesting ports, including Rio de Janeiro, are called at both on the outward and homeward itinerary. Southampton is reached again on January 26, and the fares are from £383 First Class, and from £257 in the Second Class. That very pleasant ship, the *Alcantara*, in which I travelled last year, will be used; during the five days at Buenos Aires, the ship can serve as an hotel, at a small extra rate.

Should you prefer to visit the west coast of South America, then the P.S.N.C. offer excellent opportunities in their fleet of comfortable ships to see such historic cities like La Guaira (Venezuela), Cartagena (Columbia), Cristobal (Canal Zone), Callao (Peru), Arica, Antofagasta and Valparaiso, in Chile. It is also possible to make a tour round South America by booking outwards by the Pacific Steam Navigation Company to Valparaiso, thence to Buenos Aires by air or Trans-Andine Railway, making the homeward booking by Royal Mail Lines from Buenos Aires or vice versa. Incidentally, the journey across the Andes by air or rail can be prepaid in sterling.

My last mention is of the sea and river voyage by a steamer of the Booth Line which takes you from Liverpool up the mighty Amazon into the heart of Brazil. Sailings during the winter are monthly, and the round trip occupies eight weeks. The excellent cuisine is adapted to tropical requirements. The itinerary each way is usually Leixoes, Lisbon, Madeira, Barbados, Trinidad, Para and Manaus.

***On left*—AN AERIAL VIEW OF A SOUTH AMERICAN CITY: The Sugar Loaf Mountain towers above Rio de Janeiro. The pictures are reproduced by courtesy of B.O.A.C.**

TOPICAL NOTES

IT is not too early to begin thinking of winter cruises. The emphasis next season is on Madeira, Canary Islands, and Morocco, where the Greek Line ship *Neptunia* will be making six visits from early December to February, each trip lasting from fifteen to eighteen days. One cruise includes Christmas in Madeira and New Year's Day in Casablanca.

There is a long cruise by the Greek Line's steamer *New York* in February. After visiting Madeira and the Canary Isles, and also calling at Casablanca, the cruise continues into the Mediterranean with Tunis, Malta, Sicily, Naples, Balearics, Gibraltar and Lisbon on the itinerary. The cost of this twenty-five-day cruise ranges from £140, but the fifteen- to eighteen-day cruises to the Islands and Morocco are somewhat cheaper, the minimum price being £70.

There seems to be only one long-distance cruise, in the Royal Mail's flagship *Andes* which is sailing in mid-January via Teneriffe to South American ports, then on to South Africa with stays of three days in Cape Town and one in Port Elizabeth. A particular point which should make this seven-week cruise attractive is the fact that Tristan da Cunha and St. Helena are included in the itinerary. Prices run from £395.

In complete contrast, the Bergen Line is running two seven-day cruises in March on the *Meteor* from Bergen to the Lofoten fishing grounds. There, the fishing fleet is inspected and trips ashore will be arranged to see the fish landed, sorted, packed and canned. The cost from Bergen is £32 10s. or more. W.D.C.C.

AIRLIFTS TO ALPS AND TO JUNGLE

Helicopter Operations in France and in Papua

On right—

BUILDING A MOUNTAIN SHELTER: A Bell 47G-2 helicopter lowers planks in a net to the rocky massif of the Chardonnet Aiguille, in the French Alps. These materials will be used for building the new "Albert Premier" shelter on a site at an altitude of over 12,000 ft. The aircraft is piloted by Jacques Petitin and Claude Aube, and carries around 500 lb. of materials in each lift. Loads are taken on in the village of Tour and in ten minutes the helicopter is hovering above the hut site. Two other new Alpine shelters are to be supplied by helicopter. One will be on the Gouter Aiguille and the other on the Grand Mulets. The Bell 47G-2 is powered by a Lycoming VO-435 engine. It is one of the eight 47 commercial types produced in the past ten years by the American company which has its headquarters in Buffalo, New York. They are used for a wide range of purposes, such as geological, geophysical and forestry surveys, pest control, and agriculture spraying. The military version of the 47G-2 is the H-13H. Eighty-four were ordered for service with the United States Army last year.

IN THE COURSE OF A UNIQUE OPERATION: Signals are made from the ground to the S-58 bringing supplies to the drilling tower at Sireru. It is believed to be the first time an oil rig site has been established and supplied entirely by helicopter.

A HELICOPTER CARRIES EQUIPMENT FOR AN OIL WELL IN PAPUA: Deep in the jungle at Sireru a Sikorsky S-58 helicopter drops a crane jib straight into position on a caterpillar tractor at the site of an oil well being erected by the British Petroleum Company.

When the British Petroleum Company, in association with Australian and American interests, decided to search for oil in Papua, one of the greatest problems was the transportation of drilling rig and equipment. In that area of New Guinea there can be up to 350 ins. of rain in a year and road-making is a long and arduous business. The oil prospectors overcame their difficulties by the employment of helicopters. The "helirig" operation, as it came to be called, dispensed with the need for roads to the drilling sites and, of course, vastly speeded up the time taken in the constructional work at the wells.

Materials were taken by sea and land to Victoria Junction, where the "helibase" was established, and from there flown by Sikorsky S-58 helicopters to the site at Sireru. Loads of as much as 4,000 lb. a time were lifted, each load being carefully planned so that everything was landed in the order of priority required at the well. Altogether some 2,000,000 lb. of equipment was delivered by air to Sireru.

NEARING THE FINISH ON THE SERPENTINE COURSE: This view from the bottom end of the Serpentine, in Hyde Park, shows the crews in a heat in the Wyfold Fours towards the end of their race. The Serpentine Regatta was held last week. In the picture *below*, some spectators are sitting on the grass while others have taken chairs at the water's edge.

RACING ON THE SERPENTINE

The Annual "Serpentine Regatta" in Hyde Park

The fifth Serpentine Regatta was held last week on the lake in Hyde Park. It attracted large crowds. During the three days some excellent rowing resulted in several close finishes. The racing took place over a course which was half a mile in length. Because of this short distance, the races were described as "sprint championships," although in reality no championships were involved. One of the most interesting features of the Serpentine racing, which is fast becoming a popular and important event, was that as many as four crews rowing abreast could be seen. This is most unusual in this country, and it put the skill of the respective coxes to a strong test. Some of Britain's outstanding scullers took part in the regatta and met strong competition from entries from abroad. Among them was the Dutch sculler Sylmans, who showed excellent form in his heat of the senior sculls, which he won in spite of hitting a duck which strayed across his path near the finish.

COWES WEEK GETS UNDER WAY: A general view of the busy scene in the Solent as the South Coast One Design class yachts jockey for position before the start of their race. In the left background is the guardship H.M.S. *Vigo*, which fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honour of the Queen Mother's birthday. On most days during the week some 350 vessels competed in twenty classes.

YACHTING AT COWES

Mixed Weather Conditions for the Famous Annual Regatta

Sailing enthusiasts from all over Europe gathered at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight, last week for the climax of the sailing season —the Cowes Regatta. The perfect sailing conditions at the beginning of the week gave way to strong wind and heavy rain on the last day. In the Fastnet Race sixteen of the forty vessels had to retire while in the Royal Ocean Yacht Club's Cowes-Cherbourg-Plymouth race one of the yachts sank.

The famous festival was begun with the regatta traditionally given by the Royal Southampton Yacht Club. Before it opened, a twenty-one-gun salute was fired from the Battle class destroyer, H.M.S. *Vigo*, in honour of the Queen Mother's birthday. H.M.S. *Vigo* acted as guardship at Cowes throughout the week. Also anchored in the roadstead were the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*, and Her Majesty's yacht *Britannia*. Among the many expert yachtsmen at Cowes was the Duke of Edinburgh, who was accompanied by his son, the Duke of Cornwall. It was the young Duke's first experience of a yachting holiday. He spent some considerable time on the Dragon class yacht, *Bluebottle*, receiving instruction from his father and Mr. Uffa Fox, the yacht designer.

In the middle of the week Prince Philip gave a reception on board the Royal Yacht *Britannia*, which was attended by members of Cowes Urban Council.

THROUGH WIND AND SPRAY: Mr. D. Willes' *Jolie Madame* makes a fine picture as she leaps and plunges in a choppy sea streaked with foam from the crests of waves. *Jolie Madame* is leading Mr. D. Legg's *Nilly Willy* in the race for yachts of the South Coast One Design class. In the background is the *Britannia*.

RACING IN A CRISP BREEZE: Some of the yachts taking part in the "X" One Design race. In the foreground are Mr. and Mrs. J. MacGregor Robertson's *Fantasy* (96) and Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Downer's *Bintie* (17).

RACING FOR THE BRITANNIA CUP: The vessels are manœuvring for positio at the start of the race for the Britannia Challenge Cup, won b S. B. Slater's *Uomie*. A magnificent fleet of thirty-seven competed

SPEEDING OVER THE WATERS: A twin-hulled catamaran, one of the fastest of the smaller racing craft, sails splendidly in a stiff breeze during the Corinthian Yacht Club's regatta at Cowes.

ROYAL FATHER AND SON: The Duke of Cornwall watches with great interest as his father, the Duke of Edinburgh, handles the tiller of the Dragon class yacht *Bluebottle*, while sailing at Cowes. With them is Mr. Uffa Fox, the yacht designer. *On left*—Yachts taking part in the National Swallow class race prepare for the start.

OFF TO A FLYING START: Yachts taking part in the "X" One Design class race get away to an excellent start in perfect sailing conditions. At Cowes visitors had a chance to see the Dragon class yacht *Bluebottle*, owned jointly by Her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh and the Flying Fifteen, *Coweslip*, owned by the Duke. The Duke's 24-ft. sloop *Fairey Fox* did not take part in any of the events. The guard ship at this year's Cowes Week was H.M.S. *Vigo*, a 2,315-ton Battle class destroyer.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

TECHNICAL ADVANCE IN ELECTRONICS

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

IT was in December last year, according to B.B.C. estimates, that Britain's adult "television public" began to exceed its "sound public" of people with radio but not television in their homes; and in June this year Post Office figures confirmed that there were as many receiving licences current for television sets in British households as for radio sets. These may be milestones for any social philosopher contemplating the steady spread of visual as well as aural mass communication throughout our society; but the domestic electronics business passed the corresponding commercial points of no return some time before. For about two years, sales of television sets in Britain have steadily been exceeding sales of radio sets and radiograms put together.

Reassembling at Earls Court for their annual exhibition, which traditionally sets off the peak selling season of the year, Britain's manufacturers of radio and television sets may well draw encouragement from the way that sales during the slacker early months of the year have recovered from the recession of 1956. It seems to need more than a credit squeeze to damp down for very long the British public's appetite for more electronic communication in the home. But nobody could be better aware than the British electronics industry of the complex cross-currents that affect its still fairly steadily growing market—factors which are of much more lasting importance, probably, than the vagaries of Government policy.

Neither the higher purchase tax nor the restrictions on hire purchase and rental agreements that the Government clamped upon "electronics in the home" in 1955-56 have been relaxed—as they have, in part, for example, in the case of cars. But sales of television receivers, radio sets and radiograms so far this year have been much higher than they were in the same months of 1956, though not back to the peak levels of 1954-55; and manufacturers have been producing ahead to stock up the radio and television shops for a lively selling season this autumn.

The industry has not forgotten, however, that even before the restrictions began to be imposed in October 1955 there had been signs of rather slacker business in selling sets. It is extremely sensitive to any such ripples in the level of its business. For it knows that its impressive "growth curve" over the years has been based partly upon two vast, successive "once-for-all" operations—in selling an ever-widening circle of consumers their first set. For radio, that process has been virtually complete for years; for television, it is as yet perhaps only about half completed.

Over the years, sales of radio sets in Britain have become more and more the supply of sets to replace those that the owner considers worn out or obsolete in his home. Not many homes can now be without one; there are few people whose incomes have been so low for so long as not to have been able to acquire some sort of wireless set that will still work after a fashion. The introduction of VHF (Very High Frequency) broadcasting by the B.B.C. recently did somewhat extend the fringe of potential new listeners (by improving reception in the few places where ordinary B.B.C. broadcasts could not be properly received). But its main significance for the trade lay in the markedly superior reproduction it offered: at one step it sharply increased the "obsolescence" of all the old-style sets to which most people are still listening.

In the same way, the introduction of commercial television immediately made all the sets able to receive only B.B.C. transmissions more obsolescent in the areas where ITV programmes can be received. But sales of television sets still contain a very substantial proportion of "first purchases"—which are all, of course, multi-channel receivers.

This division of the market into "first purchases" and "replacements" is a feature of all industries making durable goods, particularly in an expanding economy where the standard of living is rising rapidly. Not even America, perhaps, has yet reached the point where there are no potential customers left who do not own cars; but in radio and television manufacture, in Britain as in the United States, an increasing part of the industry's turnover is coming from the replacement market. This offers such industries perhaps steadier but less dramatic prospects of continued growth.

Such a marketing situation, quite inevitably, affects the whole structure, policies, and technique of the industry engaged in it. Since the war, for example, it has led many of the major electronics companies in this country to intensify their interest n industrial equipment—not only in the broadcasting equipment that might be considered "natural" to such an industry but in industrial contrpl gear and computers, quite apart from the radar and navigational equipment they had begun to design and manufacture during the war.

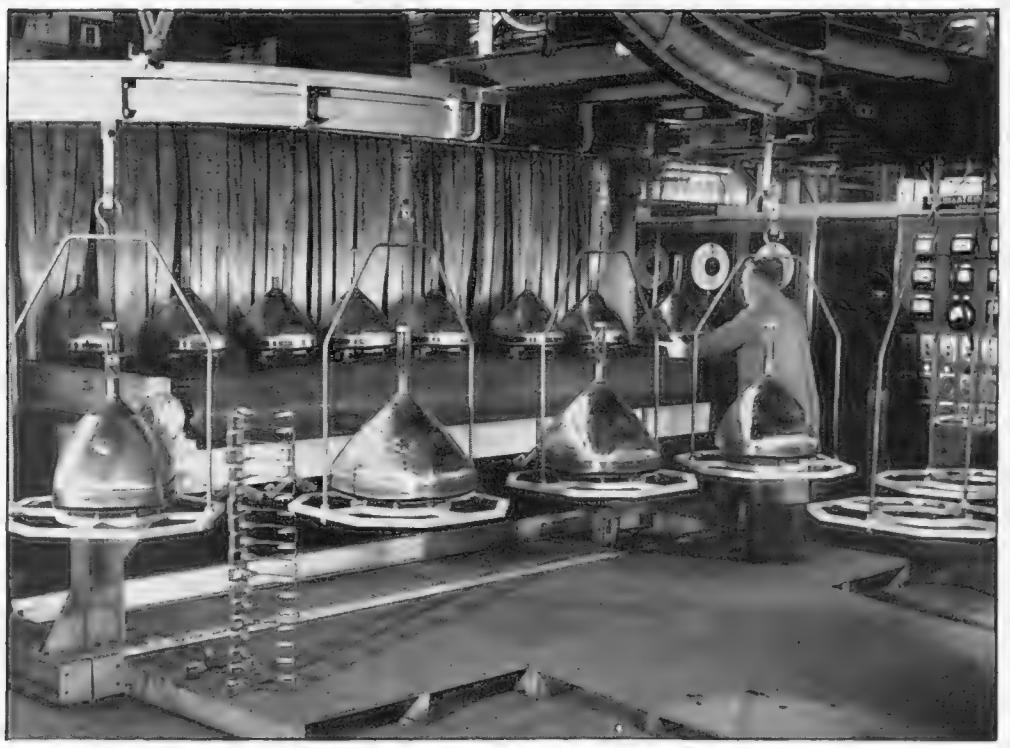
Technically, also, the marketing situation of the industry has affected its methods of manufacture. The possibility that demand for radio sets and later for television sets might stabilise, possibly at somewhat lower levels than obtained during the period of "stocking up" British homes with receivers, had inevitably to be taken into account by any prudent manufacturer in the field in deciding how much to expand his capacity—either by building new factories, or by replacing existing equipment with machines that would produce sets much faster.

In Britain as in the United States, this has probably somewhat delayed the introduction of new manufacturing methods that offered a very considerable advance in the efficiency with which electronic equipment can be made—the printed circuit and automatic assembly. A printed circuit for radio, television, or any electronic unit is made simply by coating an insulated baseplate with metal foil, printing the required circuit on this metal coating with, for example, acid-resistant ink, and then removing the rest of the metal foil by some process such as etching with acid. The circuit pattern is left imprinted on the plastic baseboard without the conventional "rat's nest" of wires in a conventional radio or television assembly.

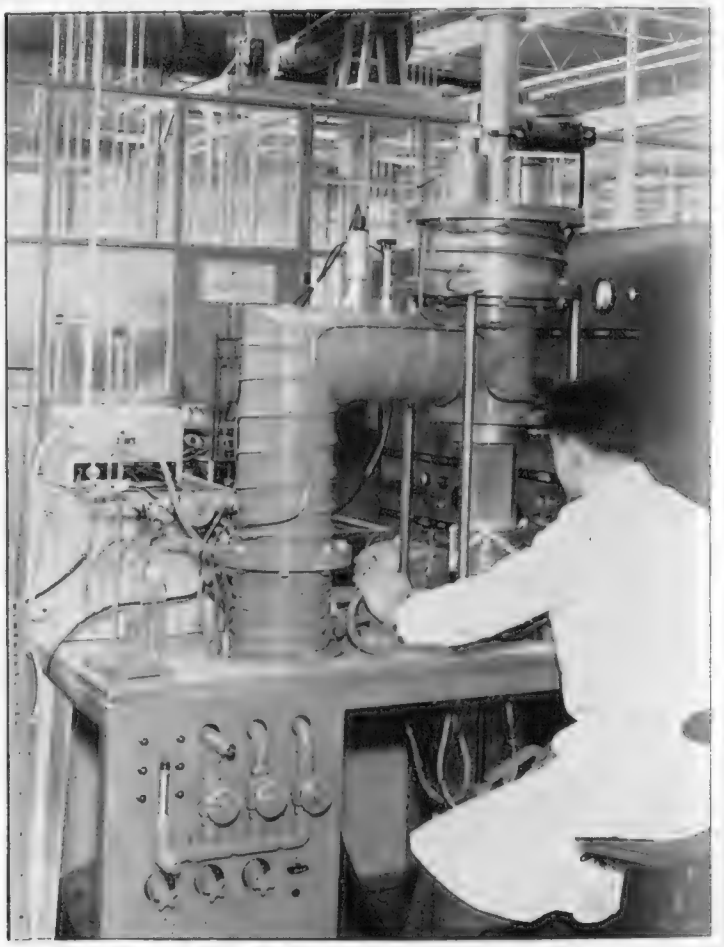
It is a short step from the printed circuit to automatic assembly methods, by which components can be inserted into the baseboard in much the same way as an office stapling machine fixes metal tags into paper, and "dip-soldered" in batches, without the usual multitude of separate soldering operations by girls on an assembly line. Automatic assembly methods have been developed—mainly in the U.S.A., where the Government financed industrial research teams to design such equipment.

This equipment is costly, though it saves a very large amount of intricate hand labour in electronic assembly. The girls who do the job are not paid nearly as much in Britain as in the United States—which has been one factor making the switch to printed circuits and automatic assembly less immediately profitable for manufacturers here than there. Moreover, most of the equipment as designed comes in big units, with a very high potential output, and needs to be employed flat out to give its full potential saving in running costs.

Technical advance in the electronics industry, therefore, depends rather more obviously than in some other industries upon the extent to which the industry can continue to promote the growth of sales. The two processes are inextricable: in recent years, for example, the British industry has not only been offering much more "set for the money" in terms of efficiency and extra features, but has actually been efficient enough to reduce the prices of sets in a period of inflation elsewhere. Already, a number of companies here are selling sets that incorporate printed circuits and the transistor devices, based on semi-conductors, that can replace the ordinary radio valve; and several are known to be experimenting with automatic assembly for electronic units of various types. At Earls Court this month (August 28 to September 7), the salesmen will be contributing their effort to this marriage of innovation and advertising.



THE MANUFACTURE OF MULLARD RADIAL SCREEN TELEVISION TUBES: At the Simonstone Factory of Mullard Limited, in North-East Lancashire, the bulbs of television picture tubes are being loaded into one of the large ovens in which the external graphite coating is baked on. This is one of the stages in the production of a bulb which consists of three separate parts—the face plate, the cone and the neck. They are made of glass which is produced to a specific formula and possessing special qualities. The bulb must be strong enough to withstand, with a considerable margin of safety, total forces of up to several tons, according to the size of the tube. And the face plate especially must be free from distracting blemishes and distortions.



GROWING SINGLE CRYSTAL SILICON: The development of semi-conductor devices using silicon is an important part of the activities of the Southampton works of Mullard Limited. In this picture the technical assistant is forming silicon in a single crystal. The Southampton plant, it is believed, is the only one in the country which is being built specifically as a completely independent manufacturing centre for semi-conductors. In addition to many other uses, semi-conductor devices are vital components of several of the latest guided weapons.

CLIFTON BRIDGE NEARS COMPLETION

The construction of the prestressed concrete bridge over the River Trent, near Nottingham, has reached a further stage. As shown in previous issues of THE SPHERE, the bridge is being built in two sections outwards from both banks. Now, the two sides have been joined by the lowering into position of the first of the precast prestressed concrete beams which will form the centre. Clifton Bridge is being built to relieve traffic congestion on the existing bridge 1½ miles away. It will be the largest prestressed concrete bridge in Britain, its central span having a length of 275 ft. with an overall width of 46 ft. 3 ins. In addition to the bridge there are six prestressed concrete spans on both banks of the river to carry the approach roads over low-lying land and an existing road.

Below—

RAILWAY MODERNISATION

Part of the preliminary work preceding the electrification of the passenger services on the London, Tilbury and Southend line of the Eastern Region of British Railways, includes the construction of a new mechanised marshalling yard at Ripple Lane, Barking. It will replace five existing yards and is expected to be completed by the end of 1958, three years before the electrification of the line. When the new yard comes into operation it will cater for the rapidly expanding freight requirements of the north Thames-side. There will be eight reception sidings and fifty-one sorting sidings, controlled by electro-pneumatically-operated points. Freight trains will be propelled from the reception sidings over an 18-ft.-high hump into the sorting sidings. The yard will be capable of handling 3,000 wagons per day and fast through trains will run direct from Ripple Lane to their destinations with a high proportion of overnight transits. Other work at Barking includes the construction of two fly-overs; a "dive-under" and a double-track bridge over the Roding.

EXTENSIVE RECONSTRUCTION IS UNDER WAY AT BARKING, IN ESSEX: Work is in progress on the reconstruction of a bridge spanning all lines at Renwick Road, close to the site of the new marshalling yard which is to be built by British Railways (Eastern Region). The new mechanised marshalling yard at Ripple Lane will greatly improve freight-train workings on the London, Tilbury and Southend line, which is to be completely electrified by 1961.

DRILLING FOR NATURAL GAS

The derrick seen in this picture marks the site in the Eskdale area of north Yorkshire, where the B.P. Exploration Company, in conjunction with Imperial Chemical Industries Ltd., is test-drilling for natural gas. Two previous wells (one drilled before the war and the other in 1954) had led to the discovery of some gas in the area. The purpose of the new drilling is to determine, as far as possible, the extent of this potential gas field and whether it would justify the building of a pipeline to carry the gas to the I.C.I.'s works at Billingham and Wilton, on Tees-side. Several thousand feet will have to be drilled before success can be achieved. Sometimes the rate of progress is only a few inches per day. This particular drilling is quite distinct from the search for natural gas which the company has undertaken for the Gas Council.

RELAYING THE PERMANENT WAY: Track drainage work and blanketing is being carried out on the Ockenden branch of the London, Tilbury and Southend line, which runs between Upminster and Grays. The branch is a single-line track throughout and the rails on the left had to be specially laid for the use of the trucks carrying materials to and from the site.

The World of Books

THE AGE OF ROOSEVELT

The Opening Volume of a History of Modern America; the Breton Scene; Childhood in Colorado; a First Novel of Unusual Merit; Mystery and Detection

MR. ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR., Professor of History at Harvard University, opens his THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-1933 (Heinemann. 42s.) with these words: "The age of Franklin Roosevelt is a watershed in the history of the United States, the great dividing line in the nation's life between innocence and responsibility. . . . Before the age of Roosevelt, Americans lived under a cheerful illusion of security. . . . Afterwards, the world could never be the same for them again."

The world, we may add, will itself never be the same again. In the course of a century or more the United States had come to nationhood under the shadow of the British Empire and the protection of the Royal Navy. When Britain's supremacy was challenged, America found itself forced to recognise what it had persistently tried to ignore and had to throw wealth and manpower into the balance to secure what turned out to be an uneasy victory. Retreating into isolationism the United States then headed for the near-disaster of the Depression, into which the rest of the world was dragged. America's slow and painful recovery was focussed in the personality of one man. Justifiably, therefore, *The Age of Roosevelt* is the overall title of the work in which *The Crisis of the Old Order* is only the first of at least three volumes.

It takes us to the threshold of Roosevelt's first election as President. I found this book completely absorbing and, in my opinion, probably one of the most important works yet to appear on the history of our own times.

The publishers of THE IMAGE OF FRANCE (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), by Mr. David Tylden-Wright, claim that it is essential reading for anyone who wishes to understand the crisis through which our civilisation is passing. Allowing for the hyperbolical tendency of such puffs, this is still a tall order. Mr. Tylden-Wright has gathered in this book a series of studies of contemporary French literature, assessing such diverse types as Valèry, Gide, Giono, Mauriac, Malraux and Camus with the precision and elegance of an Oxford research scholar. Anyone who wishes to understand the enigma which is France of to-day may well be baffled by attempting to do so through her contemporary writers. This collection of essays sheds a pale ray of light upon them but little else.

Miss Ethel Mannin, who has travelled widely in Burma and India, and written of her journeys, her discoveries and her delights in those places, has now produced a book about her recent wanderings in Brittany having, as a born traveller, enjoyed the contrasts between the small province of France and the vast tracts in the East. THE COUNTRY OF THE SEA (Jarrolds. 18s.) could reasonably be regarded as a guide-book, since Miss Mannin has written explicitly about *plages* and roads, monuments and castles, in what the Civil Service would call an advisory capacity. She has also sought out and recounted some of the most picturesque stories in Breton history and legend; indeed, the Breton history is at least as dramatic as anything that the bards have imagined. I could have wished for more of the author's photographs of fountains, arches and farms, most of them well taken and imaginatively composed. But she will not mind my saying, I am sure, that the photograph of Breton girls and young men (facing page 172), gay and mischievous in their regional finery, and with the sun and the sea as integral parts of the picture, is one of the finest I have seen for a very long time.

THE HOME RANCH (Peter Davies. 15s.) is a further book of reminiscences by Mr. Ralph Moody, who wrote *Little Britches* about some scenes of his Colorado boyhood. The present book, which has been admirably illustrated by the line drawings of Mr. Edward Shenton, is a continuation of the earlier true story. Since it concerns a twelve-year-old boy brought up to a hard life and a beautiful country, to adventures and to independence, it makes good reading for anyone who wants to escape from banalities. This is as true for the reader who is sixty as it is for the reader who is ten.

Among the novels this week THE BRAVE COWBOY (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 15s.) is in the same tradition of fending for oneself although in this case Mr. Edward Abbey is writing about New Mexico in the 1950's. The hero of the title—and it is a title which perpetuates a modern myth—is a young man who comes riding in from the wide open country to a small town, and again this is the stuff of Far West tradition. His object is to release a friend from jail where he is being held under sentence for refusing to register for military service. The situation is classic: the problem in its details very much of the present day. The cowboy himself, rangy, sun-bleached, singing lazily to his horse as he rides, is the prototype of all cowboys of whom one has read from childhood, or whom one has watched on the flickering screen. Mr. Abbey's story, nevertheless, is neither familiar nor shopworn. On the contrary, it is taut and exciting and expresses the challenge that still exists between the age of the horse and the age of the machine.

MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM PREPARES FOR HIS DAILY DIP: The eighty-three-year old author stands by the pool in the garden of his villa at Cap Ferrat on the French Riviera. Whenever possible he is reported still to take a daily dip. Mr. Maugham is now working on what he has announced will be his last book of essays. It should be finished soon.

It is difficult to believe that THE ANIMAL GAME (Macmillan. 15s.) is a first novel. It is a work of mature judgment, of practised observation and of more than youthful experience. Mr. Frank Tuohy, the author, has spent six years in the South America of which he writes. That is far from being a lifetime, but it has enabled him to gather not only enough material for a well-designed novel but, to a surprising extent, to enter into the feelings, enthusiasms and uncertainties of the natives of the country and of the people, English, Scottish, German or Polish, who make their lives there. Mr. Tuohy's style is graceful and unemphatic; his ear for dialogue is finely tuned and he has a flair for characterisation which is more in evidence than his sense of plot. That of course, may be a matter of development.

UNGUARDED HOUSE (Arco. 15s.) is by Heinrich Boll and has been translated from the German by Mr. Mervyn Savill. The story, a depressing one, is of two war orphans, born about 1942 and living in a post-war Germany where it seems there are no rules and where their wits are sharpened only by the traffic of the Black Market. One of them learns to tolerate the succession of "uncles" who share his mother's room. There is a grandmother who is a drug addict, and in all the scenes of misery or pity that these circumstances produce, it is through the eyes of the boys that the reader is observing them. Much of this book is sensitively written, even more of it reads like good reporting, but it cannot but be sad material.

There is a good batch of thrillers, mysteries and detective stories for your attention of which the first is THE MEDALLION (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.), by Gitta Sereny. No longer than a long magazine story this is packed full of incident and action culminating in a *Third Man* atmosphere in Vienna, with the Russians and the Americans sealing off their respective zones and some laconic assistance from a typical British Intelligence type. The beginning and the end take a bit of swallowing, otherwise the dose is palatable.

Miss Silver knits again in THE LISTENING EYE (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.), an ingenious addition to the adventurous saga of this decorous lady sleuth who has been created for our delight by Miss Patricia Wentworth. Murder, robbery and other excessively unpleasant happenings are dealt with by the imperturbable lady and the delinquents handed neatly over to the police. As usual, the whole thing is very satisfactory and increases one's respect for the whole race of governesses.

THE LADY IN THE MORGUE (Methuen. 12s. 6d.), by Mr. Jonathan Latimer, is a reprint of a macabre but effective story first published twenty years ago. It has not dated any more than murder and thuggery in general.

Mr. Delano Ames writes as intelligently and as scattily as ever (an odd combination which any of his fans will recognise) in SHE WOULDN'T SAY WHO (Hodder and Stoughton. 12s. 6d.). The setting is London, as a change from his detective couple's usual foreign adventurings, and there is a reasonable amount of excitement and at least three very funny lines. Vernon Fane

AIRSHIP DISASTER

The Tragic Story of R.101

The history of the airship is marked by two great disasters, the *R.101*, which crashed on a hillside near Beauvais, and the *Hindenburg*, which burst into flames when contacting her moorings in New York after an Atlantic voyage. These disasters showed that the future luxury liner of the skies would not be an airship, and that the line of research lay in heavier-than-air machines. In THE MILLIONTH CHANCE (Hamish Hamilton. 18s.), James Leasor sets out the strange story of the *R.101*, the race against time to build her so that the great vessel, with Lord Thomson, the Air Minister, on board, could set out on a pioneering voyage to India and return in time for the Minister to attend the Imperial Conference. Untested and with a full load, the *R.101* slipped her moorings at Cardington Airfield, near Bedford, on the evening of Saturday, October 4, 1930. On the following Sunday morning newspapers brought out special editions announcing the crash and the death of all but half a dozen of the fifty passengers and crew who had set out. Lord Thomson, the Labour Government's Air Minister, said before the maiden flight of the *R.101*, "She 's as safe as a house—except for the millionth chance." Well, what was the millionth chance? James Leasor shows, indeed, that it was more than one chance, a result of the combination of risks that her designers took without testing their theories to the full, a product of the Minister's own haste to be out to India and back in quick time.

Thrusting north-eastward from the South American Continent into the Caribbean Sea is the Peninsula of Guajira, a land of distinctly individual character differing vastly from the neighbouring parts of Colombia and Venezuela. It is the home of a warlike people, the only mounted nomads among the natives of South America. They have been left in peace largely because their country is arid and unattractive, but, in part, also because these warriors are not to be trifled with. Gustaf Bolinder, the distinguished Swedish anthropologist, who has made three journeys among these people, the first in the '20's and the last in 1955, gives a remarkable account of their customs and way of life in INDIANS ON HORSEBACK (Dennis Dobson. 25s.). The author has made a considerable study of the use of talismans by the Guajiro. They include charms that will attract a maid to a man, secure success in hunting or even ensure that the owner will win races. These secret magical objects are not only of Indian origin, for traces of Spanish-Moorish and African Negro customs are strongly marked in the peninsula. Although increased contact with white people has loosened the clan ties and the ties of blood relationship, the Guajiro, none the less, still retain their language, their customs, and, on the whole, their organisation. The people are unique in America, and this record is an enthralling and valuable piece of research.

Infallible systems on the racecourse, the dog track, in the casino, or at any game of chance preoccupy punters at some time or another, but the fact remains that the majority of bookmakers are willing to operate most systems on behalf of their clients, provided they are given explicit and unambiguous instructions. E. Lenox Figgis believes, however, that certain scientific principles are vital to the betting man if he is to achieve any success. In CHALLENGE TO CHANCE (Arco. 21s.) he propounds his theories with mathematical skill and a bright narrative style that makes an irresistible combination. He even tells you how fast your capital will disappear if you bet at random over a given period in a given month of the racing year. Insurance men may frown at seeing their sacred calling brought down to the level of horse betting, but Mr. Figgis is not to be denied his fun, and

AIRCRAFT AND RACING CARS

Expert witnesses should always be heard with attention. Sir Roy Fedden is one of our leading aeronautical engineers, adviser to governments both in war and in peace, and nowadays still available as a consultant. In BRITAIN'S AIR SURVIVAL (Cassell. 11s. 6d.) he expresses the view that Britain's aircraft industry is in a decline. He considers that this is due, among other causes, to lack of modern research facilities and of proper co-operation between government and industry. Sir Roy is a most compelling witness within the range of his own particular subject. When he strays outside it he is not so sound. Thus the myth of German efficiency, especially under Hitler, is accepted. In fact the Nazi economy was the most appalling muddle and in every way is the last model we should wish to copy. Nor is there much virtue in reciting Soviet statistics. Moscow propagandists are only too delighted to hand out figures to show that they have more students of technology than anyone else. In the ultimate analysis it is quality and not quantity which counts.

It is, of course, true that Britain lacks highly-skilled technicians in the aircraft industry, as the author points out. The shortage applies to almost all branches of our sciences and industries. But it is entirely wrong to regard the classical background in the education of our senior civil servants as "a long-established weakness in our basic culture." However many technical specialists we produce, there must still be men capable of seeing our national and international problems as a whole. It is the ability to keep problems in perspective which is one of the many blessings bestowed by a course in Greats. Sir Roy, like all of us, is fully aware of the dangers inherent in Soviet expansionism. But Greek prose can be a more powerful protection against Communism than the strongest air force.

Two other experts on aircraft stick strictly to their subjects to produce fascinating books. "Sandy" Powell (Wing-Commander H. P. Powell, A.F.C., A.F.R.Ae.S.) tells the stories of eight of our leading test pilots in MEN WITH WINGS (Wingate. 15s.). All of them are much-decorated war veterans and in their present profession they still face enormous hazards in testing untried aircraft. Charles Coombs is an American journalist with a great practical experience of flying. His SURVIVAL IN THE SKY (Robert Hale. 15s.) deals with many devices to give protection against gravity and the heat and the sound barriers. Much of this equipment has come into being as a result of the risks taken by test pilots.

There are also great risks in speed on the ground. TOURIST TROPHY, by Richard Hough (Hutchinson. 25s.), is sub-titled *The History of Britain's Greatest Motor Race*. The author has many dramatic incidents to relate as he traces the story of the event from its beginnings in 1907. It is also a most carefully compiled volume of facts and figures. BRITISH RACING GREEN, 1946-1956, by Louis Klemantaski and Michael Frostick (The Bodley Head. 15s.), is concerned with the achievements of British cars and British drivers in the past ten years. The book is a collection of Mr. Klemantaski's brilliant photographs with concise textual explanations by Mr. Frostick. Another illustrated volume in much the same form is FERRARI AND MASERATI IN ACTION, 1946-1956 (Hamish Hamilton. 16s.). It deals with the many triumphs of these Italian cars in which British drivers have played no small part.

he has even obtained the blessing of Sir Alan Herbert, who writes a carefree introduction in praise of his "gay mathematics."

How Hinds got from the London Law Courts to Bristol Airport and was at the last minute hauled from an Eire-bound plane has lately focused attention on the escaper's art. Now here is the story of another ingenious fellow with the Hinds technique, and he got even farther than Hinds or Foxy Fowler. Ian Stewart-Hargreaves, in MAN ON THE RUN (Allan Wingate. 13s. 6d.), describes how he obtained a brand-new British passport after jumping bail and got aboard the Night Ferry at Victoria, had his fling in Paris, a spell in gaol, and fully foxed the Vice-Consul in Marseilles, where he obtained another brand-new British passport. From Marseilles the eager traveller became airborne for Tangier. Finally, the long arm of the British law brought Stewart-Hargreaves, alias Frank James White, to trial in Gloucester, but not before he had garnered the material for a really first-class story.

Alan Oliver has taken part in all the big European show-jumping competitions against the world's top riders. Vividly and excitingly he describes what takes place behind the scenes in his book SHOW JUMPING (Stanley Paul. 15s.). Pat Smythe writes the foreword.

There are twenty-two zoos in Britain, and few people have not visited at least one of them. Apart from London Zoo and Whipsnade, which are world known, these lesser zoos are of the greatest interest and individuality. Geoffrey Schomberg, who is a close student of animals in captivity, makes a tour of these establishments and his book, BRITISH ZOOS (Wingate. 21s.), is a valuable factual record. The author has strong views on the science of zoo-keeping, and what he has to say on barless enclosures is of special interest and importance.

R. C. E.

THE PROBLEMS OF A FAMOUS SCOTTISH SEAPORT

GOOD-BYE TO ANOTHER "GAIETY" THEATRE: A "For Sale" notice has been erected above the closed iron gates of the Gaiety Theatre at Leith, in Scotland. (London's Gaiety Theatre is in the process of being demolished.) Leith's Gaiety is one of the many buildings which has had to be closed because of lack of support due to the great decrease in Leith's population since 1920.

BOMB DAMAGE STILL REMAINS: Piles of debris are still visible behind some of the pillars of Leith Town Hall, which was severely damaged as a result of bombing during the war. Until then it was one of the chief buildings in Leith, but since the war it has remained in a state of neglect. Other properties, too, have fallen into decay. This has caused many families to leave their old dwellings in Leith for the comfort of modern homes in new suburbs.

A DESERTED FORT: A woman hurries past the locked gates of the deserted Leith Fort, once a large artillery centre. The future of the fort depends on decisions to be taken by Edinburgh Corporation. Staunch Leithers are hoping that Leith Fort will be demolished in the very near future and a block of modern houses erected on the old site.

When the boundaries of Edinburgh were expanded in 1920, the city absorbed the seaport burgh of Leith in spite of opposition from the inhabitants. Steeped in history and tradition, it is mentioned in charters which date as far back as the reign of David I in the twelfth century.

Not the least of Leith's historical associations is with Robert Louis Stevenson who spent much of his childhood at the home of his maternal grandfather at Colinton.

However, the current situation in Leith is reported to be causing acute concern among the inhabitants. They have seen a drastic thinning-out of the population since 1920. Before Edinburgh took over the administration of the burgh, Leith had a population of 82,000. According to the last census, taken in 1951, the number had fallen by 20,000 and it is believed that the decrease has continued since then.

One of the consequences of this large-scale transfer of inhabitants is that central Leith has lost much of its former atmosphere of vitality. Evacuated properties have fallen into decay while the corporation has been deliberating on the complex problem of redevelopment of the area.

The visitor who makes for the docks can turn into the Kirkgate at the foot of the Leith Walk. Once this was a scene of great activity, particularly on Saturday nights. Now it is a shadow of its former self. However, there are two fine buildings nearby in Trinity House and the old parish church of South Leith.

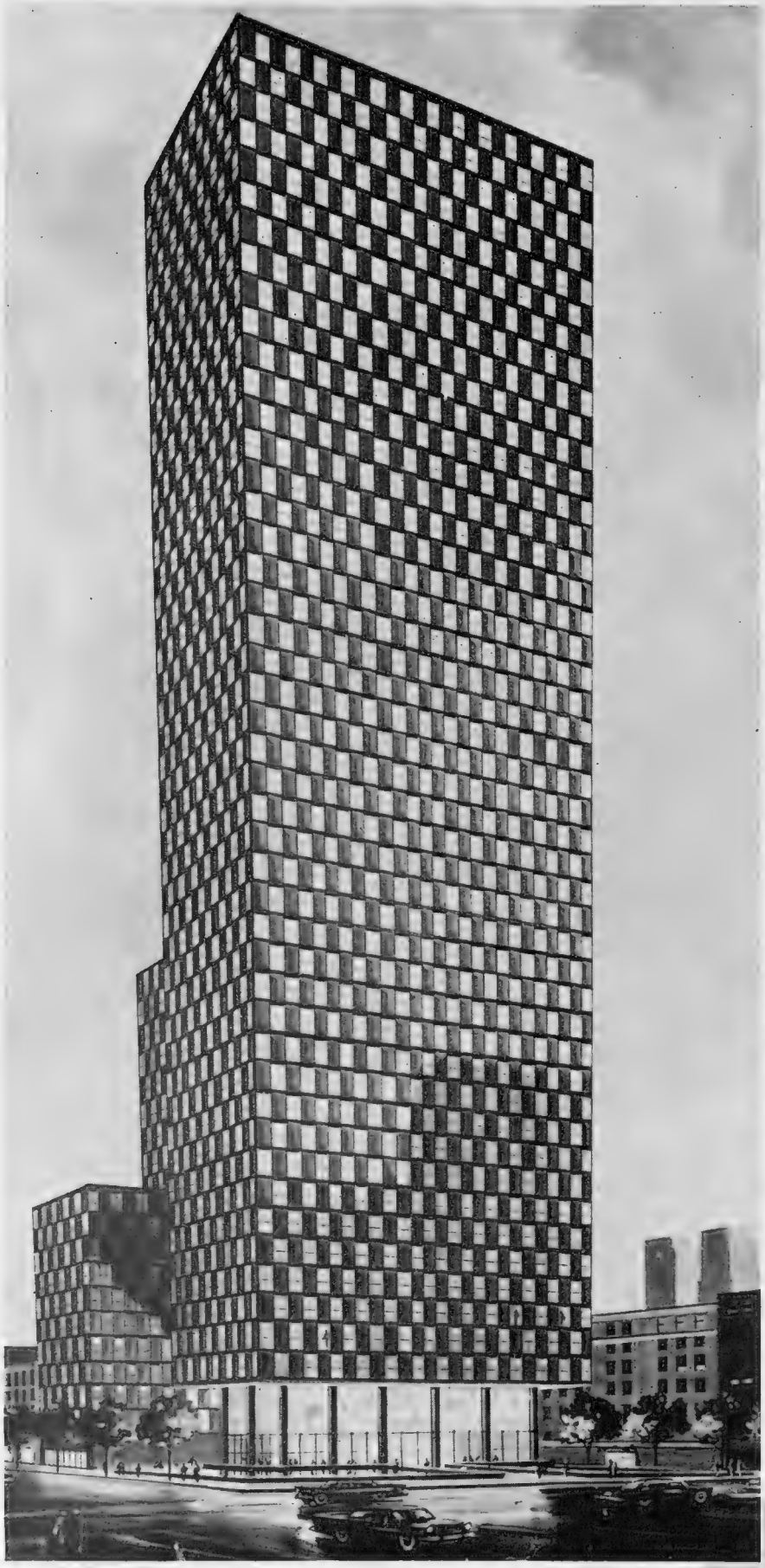
Just beyond them the word "Gaiety" can be seen on forbidding closed iron gates, above which is hung a "For Sale" notice. The curtain was rung down at the theatre for the last time a few months ago, the explanation being that so many people had left central Leith that the Gaiety could not be kept open profitably. Opposite are condemned houses with dirty or broken windows adding to a sense of depression. There are also large, unsightly gaps between bomb-damaged sites.

On the other hand, there is no evidence of the decay extending to the industrial and commercial life of the port. There are many thriving businesses and the progressive policy of the Dock Commission has kept the docks well equipped. It has provided a new extension to the west, where facilities are available for industrial expansion. In spite of these benefits it seems to be taken for granted that only a proportion of the dispersed people will want to return, and that never again will there be a population of over 80,000. Some will be glad to return to their old haunts in order to be nearer their work, but others, having enjoyed the amenities of suburban life, will be content to stay where they are.

Yet even the most loyal Leither must concede that amalgamation has not been entirely detrimental. The Edinburgh Corporation redevelopment plans for the central area are now before the Secretary of State for Scotland and the Department of Health. They may have been slow in maturing but when they are carried through, decay at the core of old Leith will be arrested and fresh life infused.

NEW LANDMARKS

The Carnegie Hall is to be Replaced; A Château is Moved; and a House which Follows the Sun



A SKYSCRAPER IS TO REPLACE NEW YORK'S CARNEGIE HALL: An artist's impression of the 44-storey skyscraper which is to be erected on the site of the Carnegie Hall, the sixty-six-year-old concert hall in the heart of Manhattan, which is scheduled to be demolished in 1959. The plans for the new building have been announced by Mr. Louis J. Glickman, Chairman of the Glickman Corporation, which bought the old building and site last year for about £1,785,000. The new skyscraper, which will be known as the Carnegieplaza, will cost nearly £8,000,000. It will have a sunken plaza and part of the walls of the building will have a vermillon porcelain finish to give it a "chequered" effect. The Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, which has played in Carnegie Hall, is to occupy a new building due to be completed in 1959. When the Corporation bought the Hall they offered to sell the building back to the Philharmonic Society without profit, but the offer was declined.

MOVING DAY FOR A FRENCH CHATEAU: This view from the air of the Achille Berges chateau at Lancey, near Grenoble, was taken as the building was being manœuvred along a series of rails with the aid of winches. It was transported from its original position to a new site 70 yards away. The decision to move the structure was made when the owner, a paper manufacturer, wanted the space for a factory extension. The château presented an obstacle in the plans, so it was decided to move the building rather than demolish it. *Below*—**Looking along the series of rails towards the building during the unusual moving operation. The move of 70 yards attracted the attention of a good number of sightseers.**

On right—

A BELGIAN BUILDS HIS HOME TO FOLLOW THE SUN: François Massau, of Verviers, has designed this house to revolve automatically to follow the course of the sun. The structure moves on two circular rails round a central axle, but the roof is static. An electric clock connected to a 1/8-h.p. electric engine regulates the speed which M. Massau has calculated to enable his living-room to keep facing directly into the sun throughout the entire day, while other rooms are kept in the shade. The house can also be maintained at any desired angle. As well as the living-room, M. Massau's revolving house has three bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom, which is situated inside the central axle. A garage and cellar have been built underneath it.

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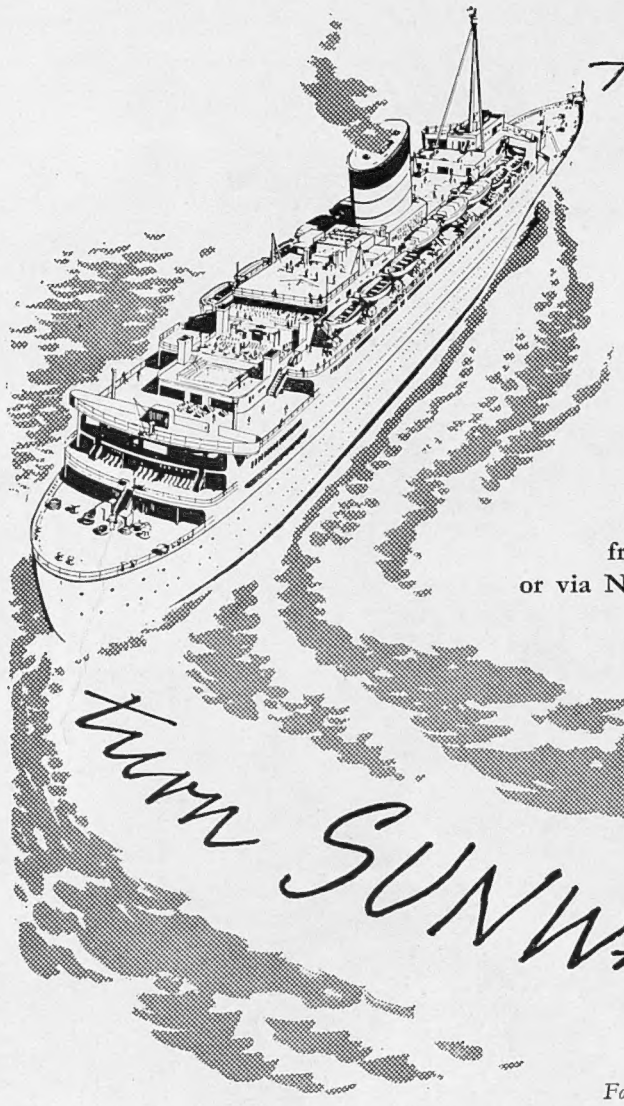

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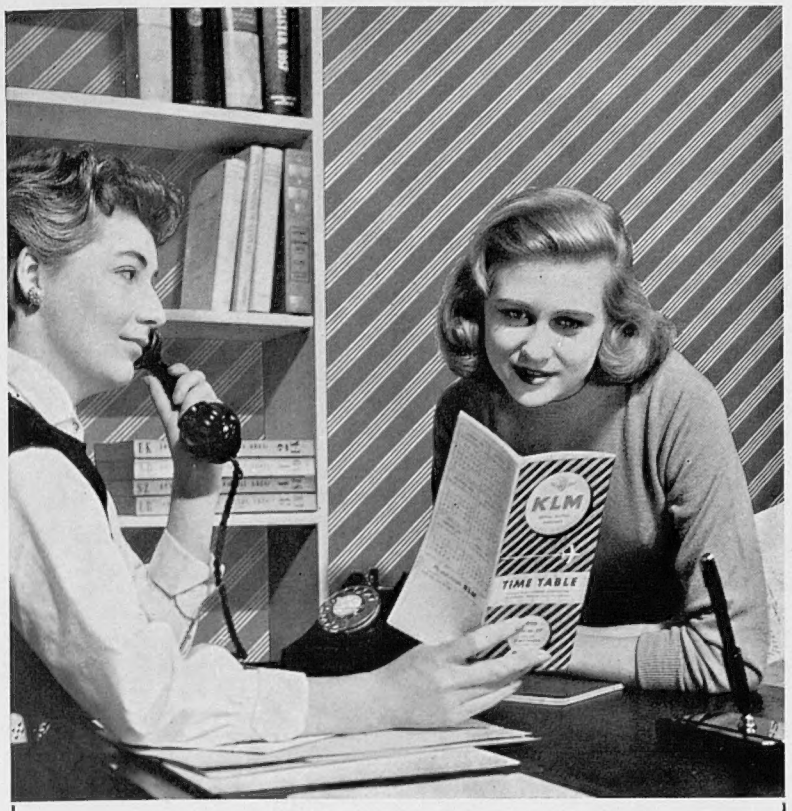

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